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STORM IN THE HEART

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

LESLEY SAYRE was frightened. It seemed strange, and unreal, to be frightened at Storm Point. The familiar house seemed empty, in an echoing way that made her skin tighten and rise in gooseflesh.

She had been alone here, in the past, with Aunt Josephine. But now Aunt Josephine was dead. A storm was lashing at the breakwater, rolling up waves such as Lesley had never seen in her nineteen years. Sarah, the housekeeper, moved about her work with the manner of a somnambulist.

Howard Merrick had left for the city just after dinner, and Lesley had been surprised at her reluctance to see him go. "Do you have to go back to-night?" she asked.

"Directors' meeting in the morning." He looked at her gravely. "Untangling your aunt's estate is going to be a labor of Hercules."

She shrugged. "I thought there was nothing left to untangle."

"You're not to worry, my dear." His smooth hand covered hers, on the damask cloth. "Lesley, you know how much your aunt wanted us to marry. Under the circumstances, there would be nothing improper in our marrying to-morrow. Quietly, of course."

"Properly and quietly," she murmured. "You don't make it sound very gay, Howard."

"That's unfair of you, Lesley. Surely you know—"

She jumped up from the table and went to the window. Rain crashed against the leaded panes, and beyond the seething waters of the bay the outer sea heaved below a dark sky.

"Lesley!" said Howard. She turned and looked at him. Quiet and proper. He was extremely handsome. And she knew he loved her.

"You mustn't hurry me," she said. "Everything's happened so fast."

Aunt Josephine's unexpected death, exodus of the staff of servants, all except Sarah and her son Davy, and the realisation that for years her aunt's lavish expenditures had been made from a dwindling capital.

"I must go," he said. "Remember, you're not to worry."

"No, Howard," she promised. That had been three hours ago. The tide should have turned and begun to recede at eleven.

But still the wind drove the water against the breakwater; still the level rose higher in the bay. The outside lights which she had kept on went out. The living-room lights flickered and died.

"Miss Lesley?" Sarah's voice was calm in the darkness. "I will light the candles. Don't you think you should retire? The storm will last through to-morrow, until the evening star appears in the west."

Lesley laughed. "You sound like Cassandra," she said.

Lying in bed, listening to the tumult of the storm, Lesley felt as though she were on a ship; the big house shuddered, wind and rain and surf merged thunderously.

Her first waking thought in the morning was that Sarah had been right about the storm's continuance. The tide was again coming in. She watched the swollen waters from her window.

The rain had lessened, but the churning waters still ran swift and strong. Beyond the breakwater, the outer bay looked impossibly high, like a picture in bad perspective. Sombre-feathered gulls wheeled and screamed.

But all storms end, and Lesley told herself that there was nothing unusual about the sudden glow in the western sky, above the breakwater, that afternoon.

She went out to the verandah to watch. From pale pink, the color deepened to rose and flame. A fiery sun slipped suddenly from beneath grey shrouds and dropped, like a blazing balloon, towards the tinted water.

Lesley felt Sarah's presence behind her, and turned to congratulate her, but the inscrutable face had a strange intensity which held her silent.

Lesley followed her gaze, and her breath caught. This, surely, was an optical illusion, or a mirage, since such a thing could not be, had never been in Lesley's lifetime. Between the outer rocks, a white-sailed yacht was heading in. Swift like a water-bird, with an escort of gulls circling and screaming above her sails.

"Sarah!" cried Lesley. "They can't come in here!"

"They'll never make it," Davy cried anxiously.

Like the familiar ghost of one of the ships which had known the bay a century ago, when the channel was deep and wide and a lighthouse stood on the outer point, the yacht sailed to the old anchorage and came about, losing the wind from suddenly limp and flapping sails. One man, wearing a yachting cap and a striped shirt, heaved over the anchor.

"If there's just one man aboard that boat, he's a good sailor," said Davy. Lesley's voice choked. "Sarah! Do you see her name?"

"The Evening Star," read Davy.

"The Evening Star," echoed Sarah.

The sun was gone, but the bay, calm as a lagoon, was tinted from the afterglow when the solitary sailor rowed ashore from the yacht.

Lesley sent Davy down to meet him, and watched them come up the steep path together. Davy was a tall boy, and well built, but the stranger made him look immature and almost frail.

"I have a hurt man aboard," he told Lesley, unsmiling. "May I telephone for a doctor?"

"Of course," she said. "Davy will show you the telephone."

When he returned to the verandah, the captain of the Evening Star said, "Thank you," as though it hurt him to say it, and went down the path to the shore and rowed back to his boat.

Please turn to page 4

"They'll never make it," Davy cried anxiously.



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DOCTOR LEEDS
drove his car along the shore road to where Davy was waiting. Lesley lifted her binoculars from the hook and watched them row to the yacht. The glasses were powerful.

When the three men emerged on deck, carrying a fourth man, she could see the concern and tenderness on the captain's face. The mate was young and in obvious pain, as they lowered him to the dinghy. Davy held him, while the captain rowed smoothly to shore, and again they lifted him and carried him to the doctor's car.

Lesley replaced the binoculars, a little ashamed of her curiosity, and as she turned a voice spoke from the verandah.

"I've taken the liberty of asking the doctor to telephone me here, in about an hour," it said.

"That's quite all right," she answered.

Sarah appeared. "The captain will dine with us?"

"You might as well," said Lesley. "It will save Davy from running down when your call comes."

His eyes darted to Lesley's face, as though he had not looked at her before. "My name is Bill Heywood. You are Miss Sayre."

"Lesley Sayre," she said. His eyes narrowed, when they entered the house, and something in his face made Lesley see the big room as it must appear to a stranger. Coral-colored velvet hung at the windows and upholstered some of the furniture. Prints of sailing-ships hung on the walls.

The doctor telephoned. The mate was resting comfortably in the local hospital. His shoulder was fractured, but he had no internal injuries, as Bill had feared.

They were seated facing each other, each on a coral-colored divan set at right angles to the fireplace. Bill Heywood was slumped comfortably, his long legs stretched out. Suddenly he looked straight into her eyes.

"Lesley," he said, familiarly, "I am in what is known as a spot. It's the kind of spot girls like you wouldn't know about."

He thrust his hands into his hip pockets, turning them inside out. "At this moment, I haven't got a penny in the world. I have some money coming in next month, but until it comes I'm broke. Something's wrong with my engine — I think I can fix it, but—" He grinned. "Funny, huh? How the other half lives?"

"The other half of what?" asked Lesley.

"The other ninety-nine per cent, then." His mouth twisted. "Look, Miss Moneybags, I'll make you a proposition. Would you feed me, on trust, at your own figure, until I can get the Star out?"

"On trust," Lesley echoed. "At my own figure. It's funnier than you know. But I'd be delighted—Bill."

The morning was clear, with a smell and look of spring. The captain had come up for breakfast and returned to his boat, Sarah told Lesley.

There was a stack of letters on her breakfast tray and she opened them at random. A few late condolences, a note from her former room mate at school, a letter from the local grocery shop stating that they could no longer extend credit unless some payment was made on the bill.

Her cheque-book was in her dressing-table drawer, with a probable balance of ten pounds. She was tossing things back into the drawer, and paused, aware for the first time in her life that items like a diamond brooch, miscellaneous rings, the bracelet of emeralds, could be converted into roast beef and bread and butter, if one knew how.

She supposed that she should telephone Howard about the letter from the grocery. She'd have to tell him about Bill Heywood.

She supposed that she should telephone Howard about the letter from the grocery. She'd have to tell him about Bill Heywood.

Storm in the Heart

Continued from page 3

That evening after dinner, Bill lighted his pipe. "I've always had a contempt for the life of the rich," he said, abruptly. "But I'm getting undermined."

"How do you mean?" asked Lesley.

"You take it for granted, don't you?" he asked. "This house, those meals. Sarah and Davy living to make you comfortable."

Lesley was silent. She had never thought of herself as rich even when Aunt Josephine was alive. Her eyes moved over familiar objects, trying for the first time to gauge what they might be worth.

Bill Heywood was watching her. "Of course it's utterly unfair for you to be so outrageously pretty, besides," he added. "Do you take that for granted, too, Lesley?"

Her color deepened. When she had gone to her room to dress for dinner she had brushed her hair until it shone, and put on her favorite red dinner dress, a clinging sheer wool.

"I suppose I did try to look pretty to-night," she admitted.

Bill was looking at her as if he had never seen her before. There was an expression on his face that she couldn't understand; it was determined, almost angry. "I'm going down to the Star," he said, getting up and putting on his cap.

Lesley was bewildered and hurt. She followed him to the door. "What's the matter?" she said.

"What's wrong?" He turned and gripped her shoulders. She was afraid of his expression, of his eyes looking fiercely into hers, and she tried to pull away from him.

"Rich and beautiful—and such a good little girl," he said. "It's an old story, isn't it—rich girl, poor man? Well, maybe I'm not going to act my role. Good-night, my sweet."

She stared after him, listening to his quick footsteps on the path outside. She pressed her hands to her hot cheeks and thought of his words—and then she smiled. For now she knew the emotion that was beneath his anger, the thing he didn't dare admit—to himself or to her.

Howard telephoned her the next morning.

"Lesley, I have to stay longer in the city than I expected," he said, speaking in his precise telephone voice. "I may have to remain several weeks."

"Really!" said Lesley. Her eyes were dancing.

"Are you quite all right, dear girl?"

"Oh, quite!" she said.

"You sound—" Howard hesitated, seeking the proper word and not finding it. "You're sure everything's all right?"

"Everything is wonderful," she declared.

She did not really know why she was laughing when she hung up the receiver. It was a bright day, and the yacht looked gay and somehow perky, marooned in the bay. She ran down to the shore and called for Bill or Davy to row in and fetch her.

They got the engine running the next day, and knelt, their three heads close together, listening to its hum.

They worked on the boat almost every morning. They fished and took walks. Lesley had never been so happy in her life.

"Lesley," said Bill one evening, "this is getting rather ridiculous. But I really have some money coming to me in about a week. Davy says he'll help me paint the Star. Would you use your influence with the local ironmongers to get me the paint?"

She laughed. "I'll try," she promised.

Her thoughts jumped to the jewellery in her dressing-table drawer. If she took it to Mr. Atkins as—security.

She thought that he was aboard the Star the next morning when she backed the car out of the garage. But he called, "Hello! Where are you going? Can I come for the ride?"

"All right," she said. The car jolted down the steep driveway to the winding road which led for five miles over Sayre property to the main road. The storm had made the surface worse than usual, and Lesley's handbag slid to the floor. Bill reached down to pick it up.

"Oh, honestly, Lesley!" he said. He picked up the articles which had spilled out, the bracelet of emeralds, the sparkling rings. "I suppose you're taking this stuff to be restrung or polished." His mouth was grim. "Good heavens, do you realise that a family could eat for a year on the price of just one of these trinkets?"

She looked at him. "It's revolting for anyone to have things like this," he told her. Even his short laugh was angry. "What am I doing here?" he demanded. "Stop the car and let me out. It makes me actually sick."

Lesley's eyes blazed. "You're a very superior, young man, aren't you, captain?" she asked. "Superior and smug." She stopped the car. "Go on and get out. But before you get out, I think I'll tell you that the reason I'm taking these trinkets—into town is—" Her voice stopped.

She was biting her lip, and suddenly she burst into tears.

"Lesley!" he said. "What's the matter?" She continued to cry. The sight of Howard's blue coupe, around a bend in the road, had unnerved her completely. She did not want to see Howard yet. "Lesley Sayre!" said Bill, and kissed her, hard. "That," he added, "is what I was not going to do."

She looked at him silently. "And what about the crown jewels?" he persisted. "Am I in a mystery story?"

She smiled tremulously. It did not make sense, but she felt less afraid of Howard's disapproval since Bill had kissed her.

"No," she said. "It's stark realism, Bill. You see, I'm not Miss Moneybags at all."

"Well," said Bill, when she had finished. "We're a fine pair, aren't we? Me with a yacht and you with a mansion—" He was grinning. "Perhaps we should go into partnership. Take paying guests in your house and charter parties on my boat."

"If you can ever get her out of the bay," she said.

"We could fill her with earth and plant petunias. Serve tea on deck."

She laughed. "This Merrick man—" he asked.

"I must go back to the house," said Lesley.

Howard was seated at the desk, making figures on sheets of paper, when they came into the house together. He rose, and said, "Lesley, my dear!"

Lesley took a step backward. "Hello, Howard," she said. "This is Bill Heywood."

Howard shook Bill's hand. "I've been admiring your yacht," he said. "Davy tells me you hope to get her out on the next flood-tide."

"I hope so," said Bill.

"If he can't, we're going to plant petunias in her," added Lesley, quickly, and a little wildly.

Howard looked at her.

"I'll go down to the Star," Bill was saying.

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Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — August 12, 1949

The LONESOME BEAR

By HARRISON KINNEY

WHEN he was eleven my brother George was the unofficial leader of a gang of boys about his own age. Being four years younger than George, I was never included in the activities of this group, but one day I was sitting on a lower limb of an apple tree in our backyard when my brother George came up.

"Let's start a store," he said. "Nobody will suspect anything if you're in it with me. You put up the counter and I'll try to get the stuff."

"All right," I said, climbing down from the tree.

After George had gone I erected a counter with two boxes and a board, facing our driveway.

"I had a hard time getting the stuff this time," George said when he got back. "Old Man Osgood was watching me."

He reached into his sweater and pulled out a two-pound box of chocolates, a half-dozen all-day suckers, a box of marshmallows, and eight chocolate bars. He arranged these on the counter.

"I'll go and tell the gang to come and buy this candy from us," my brother George said.

"All right," I said. George went away again and I was sitting on the ground eating one of the chocolate bars, when a brown bear lumbered down through the apple orchard and came up to the candy counter, sniffing at the articles on the board.

"You'd better go away," I told the bear. "My brother George will get mad if you eat his candy."

The bear sat down and stared at the candy. After a while George and his gang came up the driveway. They stopped quite a distance from the counter when they saw the bear.

"You get away from that bear," one of the boys yelled to me. "He'll kill you with one swing of his paw."

"No, he won't," I said, patting the bear on the head.

"Give him some candy to eat and maybe he'll go away," another boy shouted.

So I took the wrappers off two candy bars, opened the box of marshmallows and placed them on the ground in front of the bear. The animal just sniffed at the candy, but when he found the marshmallows he slid into a crouch and began chewing them, looking at me occasionally, his head bobbing as he ate.

"I guess he just likes marshmallows," said my brother George. "We'll get him some more for you to feed him and maybe he'll go away."

"The State will pay you a bounty for a bear," another boy said to my brother George. "They kill sheep. Why don't you keep him and get the money?"

"I suppose we could keep him in the ice-house," said George.

"How are you going to get him into the ice-house?" somebody asked.

"I think he'll follow my brother in," George replied. "You lead him into the ice-house," George said to me.

"All right," I answered.

So after the bear finished eating the marshmallows he followed me into the ice-house. My brother George locked the door after us, and I climbed out the small trapdoor in the wall.

George told me not to tell anybody about the bear, for fear he would

not get the money for himself. I promised I wouldn't.

My brother George promised to keep me in candy if I fed the bear. The diet was a rather irregular one, consisting largely of raw potatoes from a sack in our cellar, and meat bones I got from the butcher's store. The sawdust in the ice-house had dried a comfortable bed for the bear.

My family had had no use for the building after my father bought an electric refrigerator for our house.

After a few days the bear refused to eat anything. He would sit and make hoarse, whimpering noises in his throat.

"I think he wants some marshmallows," I told my brother George, who was standing outside the ice-house at the time.

"I'll get some," George said.

He went away and came back with a box of marshmallows, which he passed to me through the trapdoor. I opened the box and the bear rooted into them, getting marshmallow on his nose and whiskers and chomping them noisily, looking at me as he ate them. When he had finished them he ate the raw potatoes and meat bones. I told George the bear was eating everything.

"We'll just give him some marshmallows once in a while," George said. "I guess he'll be all right."

The night the bear got out of the ice-house one of my mother's aunts was visiting us. She was given my room, while a couch was set up in my parents' room for me as a temporary arrangement.

During the warmer nights of mid-summer we always left the doors open, inside the house; all except my brother George's room in the attic. George walked in his sleep occasionally, so my father always locked him in at night and let him out in the morning.

The trapdoor of the ice-house could only be secured from the inside, so George and I had propped a piece of two-by-four against it from the outside. It was always a matter of speculation as to how the bear was able to dislodge it.

Everybody was asleep the night that the bear came into my father's room and tried to crowd under my couch to go to sleep. The couch had two folding sides, and the grunting animal lifted the couch at one end in his attempt to get his bulky body under it.

In this manner the couch was pushed across the floor until it banged against the opposite wall. The bear snorted loudly in the darkness and lay down.

My father was a light sleeper. "Where are you, George?" he asked, sitting up in bed and thinking it was my brother George walking in his sleep.

"George isn't here," I said. "My goodness, son!" said my father. "Are you making all that noise?"

"No, sir," I said. "I think it's the bear."

"All right," said my father, lying down again. "Just don't wake your mother."

"No, sir," I replied.

After a few minutes my father sat up in bed again. "What did you say that noise was, son?" he asked quietly.

"I think the bear is sleeping under my bed," I said.

My father sat in the darkness for a time, thinking this over. Finally he turned on the table lamp beside



his bed. This awakened my mother.

"What is it?" my mother asked with alarm. "Is it George again?"

My father got out of bed without saying anything. He came over to the couch, got down on his hands and knees and looked at the bear under the couch.

"He eats marshmallows," I said.

Father got up and solemnly walked over to my mother's side of the bed. "We must all remain calm," he said. "Your aunt mustn't be upset. I don't think anybody is in immediate danger. There's a bear in our room."

My mother began weeping softly. "We'll all be torn limb from limb," she said.

"He won't hurt you," I told her.

My father asked me where the bear came from and I told him. My mother went into the next room to sleep with her aunt, and my father and I pulled the couch off the bear. The bear sat up and yawned.

"I never saw a bear like this that

"You mean you want a licence to keep a bear?" Miss Barnes asked incredulously.

liked to be around people," said my father, crossing his bare feet in contemplation, and leaning against the bedpost.

"I think he follows me because I fed him marshmallows," I said.

"We must always be kind to animals, son, wild or domestic," my father told me.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"His coat isn't shaggy like a wild bear's at all," said my father, looking at the bear. "I think he's tame."

"Can we keep him?" I asked.

My father didn't answer me. He wandered slowly downstairs and came back with his ukulele. He sat down in a rocking chair and absently strummed some basic chords. The bear sat and listened to the music, staring at my father.

"This is a very friendly bear,"

son," said my father after a while. "Maybe we can keep him until his owner shows up."

"Yes, sir," I said.

The next day my father and I went across the street to the courthouse, with the bear plodding behind us.

"We'd like to get a licence for a bear," my father told Miss Barnes, the clerk in the outer office.

Miss Barnes looked at my father for a moment. Then she stood up quickly and looked at the bear, sitting on the floor beside me.

"You mean you want a licence to keep a bear?" Miss Barnes asked slowly, still looking at the bear.

"We want him for a household pet," my father said.

"He eats marshmallows," I told Miss Barnes.

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ATTRACTIVE AGATHA CHRISTOPHER receives a startling legacy when she unexpectedly inherits from her uncle "Leo's Place," a small New York bar and grill, together with a ten per cent. interest in the young boxer LEFTY LANGAN.

At first dismayed, she grows interested in her inheritance and the people connected with it. Eventually, rather staggering her mother, GWEN, and CHARLIE HARPER, her ex-fiance, she enters into a partnership with OSCAR GUMPER, barman at "Leo's Place," in which they arrange that Oscar shall train Lefty at Agatha's country home.

This causes a sensation in Agatha's circle, and the situation grows complicated when Lefty falls in love with Agatha, despite the efforts of LUCILLE LONG to win him away from the whole affair.

However, he wins a local fight, then Oscar arranges for him to box the main event at a New York stadium. Agatha accepts an invitation to dine and go to the fight with JACK BARLOW, her uncle's personable attorney. Now read on:

THE evening's programme had begun when Agatha and Jack reached the arena. Jack conducted her to their seats, first row ringside.

The first bout ended in a third-round knock-out, but the second was a dull affair. Nevertheless, the slap of the blows was loud at the ringside, and Agatha found herself wincing, even though she knew neither fighter was hitting very hard.

When the bout ended Jack said, "I've been watching you, Agatha. You don't like it, do you?"

Agatha smiled. "Not very much. My feeling is that I'd like to take a couple of those in the crowd who are yelling the loudest for more action and put them up there in the ring."

The next bout had started, and again it was a dull one. The boys were trying, but their styles were similar, Jack explained, and there was not much action. During the third round a young man moved along the aisle and stooped, so that he would not obstruct the view of the ring.

"Excuse me," he said. "Are you Miss Agatha Christopher?"

"Yes," Agatha said.

"Could you spare a minute? Pat



By ...
**EDWIN
LANHAM**

smiled and waved a glove, and Agatha waved back at him. The fat man turned and gave her a long, curious look, and Agatha said: "You've got the wrong corner in this fight, Mister."

"Yeah?" the fat man said.

The cheers were for Joe Broag now as he came along the opposite aisle and went up to his corner. He had rumpled hair and a pug nose that had not yet had the jauntness flattened out of it.

Lefty was seated now on his stool, and Oscar was kneading the muscles at the back of his neck to relieve the tension, but Agatha was sure that Lefty was not unnaturally tense.

The ring was cleared, the announcer named the officials assigned to the bout, clutched the microphone, and began: "This is the feature event. Ten rounds. From New York's West Side, weighing one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, wearing purple trunks, Lefty Langan ..."

They were in the centre of the ring now, receiving the referee's instructions; then the men danced back to their corners, the robes were pulled away, and they stood alone, each in his corner, waiting for the bell.

The bout started slowly. Lefty had learned his lesson in New Haven and he boxed carefully, jabbing his left. Agatha sat, hardly breathing, and the house was silent.

For a full minute not a solid blow was struck, then Broag feinted a left to the body, went over with his head down, and drew a straight left to the head from Lefty. It was classic strategy. The moment Lefty started the blow Broag side-stepped and landed hard with a left hook that caught Lefty off balance.

"Get him, Joe," the fat man beside Agatha yelled.

As Lefty backed away Agatha saw red on his face. Her hands were clenched so hard that her nails bit into her palms.

"From the nose," Jack said. "It's nothing serious. He's all right."

For the rest of the round Broag was the aggressor, and Lefty circled and backed away. But he kept shooting his hard left jab, and several times it struck solidly and backed Broag up.

When the bell rang there was a low buzz of noise; everyone sensed it was the beginning of a good fight.

In Lefty's corner Oscar was hard at work putting swabs in Lefty's nostrils to stop the bleeding, and the fighter lay back against the ropes, relaxed, with his legs stretched out. Oscar leaned over and whispered in his ear. Agatha saw Lefty nod.

As the bell rang for the second round Broag came out of his corner fast, and there was a flurry of blows that Lefty blocked with his arms and elbows, as he backed away against the ropes. But they made loud slapping noises and the crowd was cheering for Broag.

Then Lefty's jab stung Broag and there was fast fighting on the ropes, with Lefty landing one good uppercut.

Now they were in the centre of the ring, and Broag was feinting and bobbing, circling away from Lefty's jab. Agatha had a perfect view of it when it happened.

Broag feinted again with his left to the body, to draw a lead from Lefty and smash his hook in again. Agatha saw the feint, and she saw the flick of Lefty's glove, then Broag's hook was coming.

But Lefty had never let his blow go and, balanced on his toes, he ducked the hook, and Agatha saw the powerful pivot of his shoulders as he started an overhand right. Broag was off balance and wide open, and the smack of the glove on his jaw was like the slap of an oar blade flat on calm water.

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Dennis would like to talk to you. He wants to put you on."

"What does that mean?" Agatha said.

"They want you on the air," Jack explained. "On television."

The man went on: "They tell us you're co-manager of the boy in the main event, Lefty Langan, and we'd like to let the fans get a look at you. There's Pat the other side of the ring."

Agatha looked over and saw a friendly grin. It belonged to a slim young man with bright eyes. Agatha smiled and got to her feet. She followed the young man, her head bent, as his was, around to the other side of the ring.

Pat Dennis gave her hand a firm clasp as she moved into the seat beside him and immediately began talking into the microphone. He had a fresh, engaging voice that seemed to bring the listener into his confidence.

"Well, Mother, you've watched a lot of prize-fights, and you probably think it's a man's game," he was saying into the microphone. "I've got something to show you, as soon as this round ends, and you'd better tell Pop to pull his chair up a little closer, too. There's the bell now."

He turned his head and gazed up towards the mezzanine. "Let's have the camera pan down here a minute."

In front of him was a small monitor picture of the telecast.

Agatha watched it with fascination. She saw the ring, and a

fighter in his corner, then the picture moved and she saw shadows.

"Please turn around, Miss Christopher, and look at the camera."

Agatha turned and gazed up at the mezzanine.

"Here she is," Pat Dennis said. "The one and only lady fight manager. This is Miss Agatha Christopher, and, believe it or not, she's co-manager of Lefty Langan, the boy who goes on in the main event to-night. Miss Christopher, tell us how you became a fight manager?"

"I'm not a manager, exactly," Agatha said. "Oscar Gumper is Lefty Langan's manager, but we own an equal share."

"You train him?" Pat said, with a grin.

"He trained out at my place in Connecticut," Agatha said. "But, of course, I didn't have anything to do with training him, except to play gin rummy with him to help him relax."

"I wonder if a guy can relax, playing gin rummy with you," Pat Dennis said, grinning. "Tell me, how did you happen to manage a fighter?"

"I inherited him," Agatha said.

"Inherited him?"

"From my uncle," Agatha said.

"He left me a bar over on Eighth Avenue, called Leo's Place, and he left me Lefty Langan."

"What's this again?" Pat Dennis said. "You inherited a bar and a fighter?"

"That's it exactly," Agatha said. "So I'm running the bar and I'm

running the fighter. Helping to, that is."

"Excuse me," Pat Dennis said. "Let's have the camera back in the ring. It looks like some action up there now. And thanks a million for coming over, Miss Christopher. Is there anything else you want to say to the television audience?"

"Just one thing," Agatha said. "If they're listening-in at Leo's Place, I think Walter ought to pour a drink on the house."

Pat Dennis shouted his laughter. "How do you like that? Well, thank you, Miss Christopher. You were swell. And best of luck with your fighter. I hope he goes places."

PART SEVEN OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

"He'll go places," Agatha said confidently. "He'll be middleweight champion of the world."

Back in her seat beside Jack, Agatha said: "That was quite an experience. I wonder how they knew I owned a share of Lefty Langan."

"A little publicity like that can be pretty valuable," Jack said.

She looked at him, saw his intent profile as he watched the action in the ring.

"Jack," she said. "You did it, didn't you?"

"His eyes met hers. 'I'm your lawyer,' he said. 'I look out for your interests. You don't mind, do you?'"

"They want you on the air," Jack explained to Agatha, "on television."

"I think it was a lovely idea," Agatha said.

"And I trust everyone was looking-in at Menasset," he said.

"I never thought of that," Agatha groaned.

The bell clanged several times and the ring announcer climbed through the ropes, conferred with the referee and the judges, motioned for the microphone to be lowered, and named the winner.

Agatha looked at her watch. It was just past ten o'clock. The main event was next. A fat man beside her who seemed to be betting on whichever fighter sat in the corner nearest him, said: "If I get Irish Joe Broag in my corner I'll break even."

His companion murmured something Agatha could not hear, and the fat man said: "Nuts. This Joe Broag is hot. It will be over in a hurry. Eddie Manolo knocked the other boy out in the second round in his last fight."

Jack said: "Here he comes."

Agatha saw the familiar blue of Lefty's robe, saw his calm face and sleek black hair. He had acquired a tan in the country, and Agatha had the irrelevant thought that the pale blue of his robe was becoming to his tan.

He climbed through the ropes and danced in his corner, his gloves held against his chest. Oscar and Kid Dalton appeared on the platform behind him.

"He looks good," Jack said.

The fat man beside Agatha said: "Hah! Pay me. I get Joe Broag." Lefty turned to scan the ringside seats, and Agatha half rose. He

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By ...
**Margot
Neville**

IN the crowded little parlor of the White Horse noisy with talk and dim with tobacco smoke, Nina Hernshaw felt every bit as alone as she had felt a few minutes ago strolling home through the twilight streets. It was one of those nights when she'd felt at odds with the world.

And she knew the reason why. Because there was no one to share with her that wonderful parcel from America, those delicious luxuries that were crying out to make a special little dinner for two.

As she had turned up the street towards her apartment in the high, narrow building, she had been aware of the first touch of autumn crispness in the air, and, she'd thought, soon there'd be fires, tea by the fire.

To-night, the nostalgia of the change of the season had set her a-jangle so that she'd felt she just couldn't go home and eat that American gift dinner in solitary state.

Maybe Rex and Freda would be in the White Horse, and she could get them to share it with her. A party of three? Well, better than a party of one, anyhow, and she'd pushed open the door of the little pub and gone in.

The room wasn't large, and Nina threaded her way through it, glancing from left to right for a sight of Freda's green beret and Rex's red head and pipe, and contentious chin.

Cheerful groups, gay and relaxed, taking a last drink before dinner, parted and let her through, making way for her, their eyes following after her.

Nina was one of those girls whom the glance follows inevitably, as naturally as a bird flies, though it would have been hard to say why.

It wasn't until you were close to her that you saw how clear and shining were her greenish-hazel eyes and her fawn-colored hair; how gold it glistened where it sprang from the white temples, and her full red mouth—how richly promising were its curves.

Around her was the hubbub of talk and laughter, the clink of glasses, the thick blue smoke.

Gradually the look of expectancy faded out of her face, and she made her way back to the door.

There she paused for one last look round, as though by wishing she could conjure Rex and Freda into the crowd. But they just weren't here to-night, where most evenings at this hour they dropped in for an aperitif. Her luck was out. She turned slowly away.

As she did so the sleeve of her coat, worn cloak-wise, swept over the table behind her, caught the edge of a glass and sent it spinning.

With an exclamation she swung round. A pool of sherry was flooding the table, the glass rolling to the edge.

The young man to whom it belonged put out his hand and righted it.

Nina said, the color rushing up into her face: "Oh, I am so sorry. Do forgive me."

He stood up. "Why, it's nothing, nothing at all. This room's so crowded there's not a lot of space to manoeuvre in, is there?"

Her eyes opened wide at the sound of the cool, pleasant, unfamiliar speech. He was an American. What a coincidence!

She said again: "Yes, but really, it was so frightfully clumsy of me."

"Don't give it another thought. Please. I don't know that I want a sherry anyhow. I guess I'd rather have a cocktail." Tactfully he dropped his open paper on the table over the spilt liquid.

Dark eyes held Nina's hazel ones with friendly warmth. Rex and Freda vanished from her thoughts.

He was saying: "Surely there's some good old English custom over here that goes with this?—spilling liquor."

She laughed. "Throwing a drop over your shoulder, perhaps, or nailing it to the barn door."

"Well, what say we invent one? I suggest we make it that the culprit has to take a drink with the man whose liquor she's spilt."

Across the table Nina looked at him, swiftly noticing a lot about him. That he looked different; among the rather pale Londoners he looked as though he'd been chasing the sun somewhere, lying on the deck of a ship. He looked happy, pleasantly keyed, on top of the world.

He pulled out a chair and sketched a bow, inviting her to sit down.

She hesitated. "But—aren't you waiting for a friend or someone?"

He paused, too, ever so briefly "Not exactly ... I wasn't expecting anyone."

Nina slipped into the chair and he went over to the bar and came back with the two drinks, threading his way towards her—tall, confident—carefully shielding the brimming cocktail glasses from jostling elbows.

At the end of half an hour she was in possession of a variety of facts about her companion—told in that pleasant casual voice that was somehow able, quite effortlessly, to surmount the din in the room.

She knew he'd been in London only two days; that his name was Randall Fisher, his age 26, hailing from Boston; that he was here for a few weeks accompanying a trade mission; that his only introductions were to some rather starchy folk known to his mother, his present abode a West End hotel.

Added to all this, Nina learned that he liked books and ballet and modern music, and horseback riding, and the grey of London.

Nina added her quota to the pool of information. That she had been in London two years as secretary to somebody nearly important in a nearly important Government department.

However, most week-ends she spent at the

This is the moment I have dreamed of, Nina thought.

tumble-down home in Sussex where her father lived, keeping back the encroachments of weeds and weather and the brave new world.

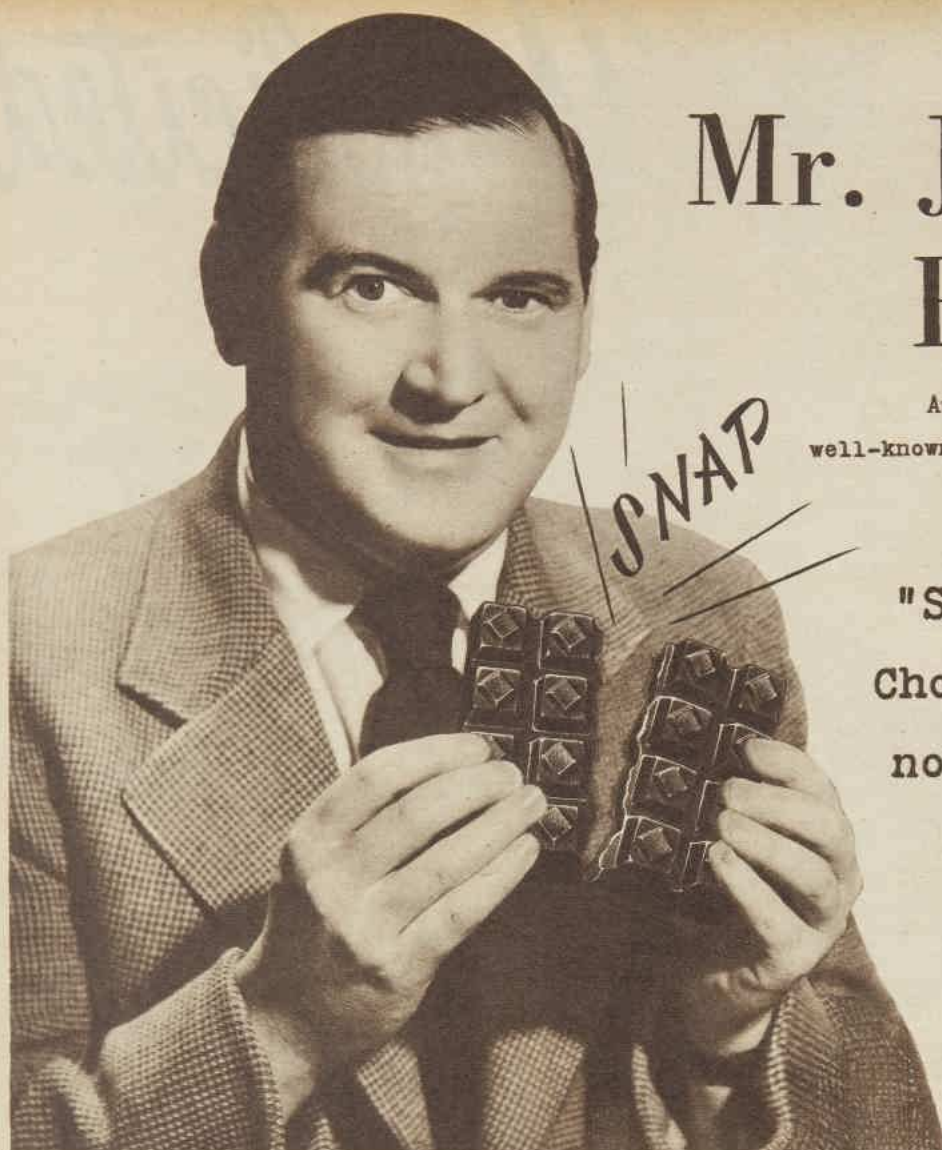
Isolated in the crowd they talked, side by side, lifting their glasses to sip, glance meeting glance with increasing pleasure.

First acquaintance without a background. Half an hour ago we didn't know each other, and now we do. Quite well. Or so it seems.

Though who can say whether each isn't only telling the other just what it's pleasant to know? I draw my picture as I want you to see it, and you do, too. That's only to be expected.

The hour before dinner slipped by. The crowd thinned. Nina glanced at her watch. She said: "I was just wondering—"

Please turn to page 38



Mr. John Fullard

Australia's most versatile tenor—
well-known for his radio and
concert work—says . . .

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MR. JOHN FULLARD is the most popular tenor on the air today. He is famous for his fine acting and splendid tenor voice, which also make him Australia's most popular tenor with lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan. He is famous for his roles as Nanki-poo in the "Mikado" and Colonel Fairfax in "Yeomen of the Guard."

Mr. Fullard continues, "Although I never eat prior to a performance, I always enjoy some Small's Club Chocolate between broadcasts and during intervals of my recitals. It certainly keeps me going and that not-so-sweet flavour is rare amongst chocolates. I am sure Small's Club Chocolate must be the most popular chocolate with all men."



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Changing of the Guard



DOMESTIC TOUCH when Corporal Rockall has his medals adjusted by his wife in their flat adjoining Wellington Barracks. The corporal is said to possess the most luxuriant moustache in the Guards.



TRUMPETER of Household Cavalry Life Guards, riding white horse, blows Assembly at Wellington Barracks in Hyde Park. Mounts used by Guards, often brought from Holland, Germany, and Southern Ireland, must be 16 hands and able to carry 15 stone.

COLORFUL ceremony of the Changing of the Guard is an inseparable part of the London scene, and one which visitors to England would not dream of missing. The ceremony dates back to the mid-17th century, and involves two regiments of the Household Cavalry, the Life Guards (red coated) and the Royal Horse Guards (the Blues). Responsible for the King's safety, the two regiments alternate a 24-hour tour of duty as guards at Whitehall.

Their picturesque uniforms, magnificently matched horses, and precision drill are also seen when they act as King's escort on ceremonial occasions. During the war the Household Cavalry exchanged their museum-piece uniforms and beautiful horses for workmanlike khaki battle-dress, and as Armored Car Regiments served with distinction in the Middle East, Italy, and the Low Countries. Now they are back in their peacetime regalia, a symbol of England's glory and tradition.

Our cover study shows Lieut. J. W. Barnes, in parade uniform, being given a final uniform check by Major W. H. Gerard-Leigh.



CHANGING OF THE GUARD at Whitehall. Horse Guards (the Blues) and Life Guards (red uniform) alternate 24-hour duty.

CORPORAL ROCKALL of the Life Guards, in full dress uniform, prepares to lead troop out. Color photographs by Howard Byrne.



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SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre director Anthony Quayle and his wife at Stratford-on-Avon. Quayle will play title role in his own production of "Macbeth" when Stratford players tour Australia in October.

The world's their stage



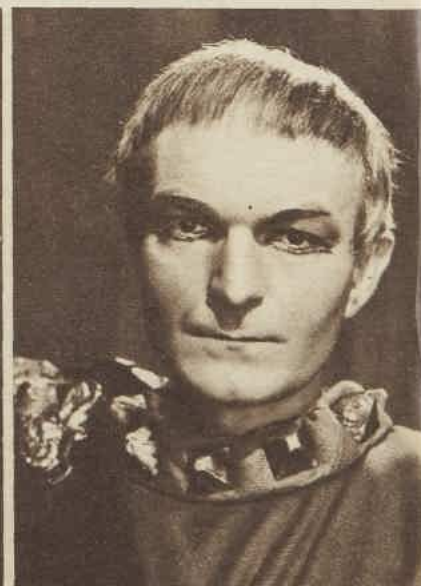
ACTING comes first with Anthony Quayle, director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Here he is made up for the role of Iago in "Othello." He prefers acting to producing.



HARRY ANDREWS, who plays Macduff in "Macbeth," to be produced in Australia, made up for part. Company looks forward to tour.



NOTED SWORDSMAN, as well as actor, is Clement McCollin, who will play important roles. He is responsible for scenes where sword play is introduced.



CECIL WINTER as the general in "Coriolanus." He will play in Australia in "Macbeth," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Henry VIII."



TIMBERED TUDOR HOUSE in which the Quayles lived when they came to Stratford. This was originally Shakespeare's daughter's home. Stratford player John Slater poses as picture is taken.

Stratford players will be touring Australia this year, Canada next

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

"Everyone can't come to Stratford-on-Avon, so we must take Stratford to them," said the director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Anthony Quayle, when it was announced that the company would fly to Australia in October.

The Australian tour is the first of many world tours the Stratford players envisage in their long-term plans, because Anthony Quayle believes Shakespeare should be "exported."

PLAYERS say, "We don't expect an hysterical welcome; we know we haven't film-star appeal, but we have built up a good Shakespearean company, and we will leave Australia's intelligent theatre - going public to be the judges."

A quarter of a million visitors from all over the world have been to the Memorial Theatre at Stratford, where big names in the West End theatres have gone for a quarter of their salaries to help make Quayle's company the finest in the world.

Diana Wynyard, who is the leading lady, is one of these. She will go with the Stratford players to Australia.

Diana is playing Lady Macbeth to Quayle's Macbeth; Queen Katherine to his Henry VIII; and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Quayle plays Benedick.

Tony Quayle, ex-commando major and parachute jumper, brought efficiency and friendliness to sleepy Stratford when he became one of Sir Barry Jackson's team of brilliant young producers anxious to rescue the theatre from the doldrums into which it had sunk.

John Gielgud and Tyrone Guthrie were others who soon had Stratford out of the rut, and this year Quayle took over the controversial job of director, and "let in some fresh air."

The Stratford theatre that goes to Australia is no longer a provincial one with the thankless responsibility of staging the works of the Bard in his home town, but a company presenting first-class Shakespeare.

"Australia had to come first," Quayle said, "because Australians have done so much to encourage me since I came to Stratford."

"Bobby Helpmann left an assured and profitable West End season to play last year at Stratford at a quarter of his salary."

"Cyril Ritchard, who has been my great friend for many years, gave up a season in New York this year in 'The Relapse,' which I produced in London."

"We were asked to play in America, but with the Australian plans maturing Cyril said: 'No, Tony, you must go to Australia. There is an audience there for you.' 'What actor could resist going where he felt he was wanted?' Tony said."

Of Australian actors, Anthony Quayle said: "Australians have the vitality, energy, and imagination our theatre wants. We need their stimulation."

The Memorial Theatre Company is unique—not only in its selfless devotion to Shakespeare, but in the clockwork precision with which everything is done.

Costumes are tailored to fit on the spot in Tudor cottages on the banks of the Avon which house work-rooms kept busy day and night on new costumes and scenery.

Army precision

CLEMENT McCALLIN, who is one of the principal actors, said: "Stratford Theatre to-day is like a very well equipped Army unit."

"While you are on the stage there is the consciousness of all the work that has been done to put you there . . . just as a soldier knows seven men have to work to keep him supplied with arms and equipment in the field."

Because they don't want their Australian tour to be too expensive, the company will leave their families behind for their 14 weeks' tour.

Anthony Quayle's wife, who was Dorothy Hyson, the West End actress, Dorothy Dickson's daughter, will stay at home with her 15-months-old daughter Rosanna. Tall, broad-shouldered, with his fine character written in every line of a strong face, tough, sincere, and with an enviable stage personality, Anthony Quayle is loved and admired by his company.

To the Stratford Theatre he brings all the verve and virility of his 35 years, and all the brilliance of his exciting career.

He was a "stooge" to a music hall comedian after leaving the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Then he went to the Old Vic in small parts, and he was "in and out" of



BEAUTIFUL Diana Wynyard in her role of Lady Macbeth, in which she will be seen in Australia. Diana has reputation of "looking after everyone" in Stratford players' company.

work until he appeared with John Gielgud in the unforgettable "Richard of Bordeaux," and later in many successes in London and New York theatres, and at the Old Vic.

He produced Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," starring John Gielgud, and followed this with his memorable revival of "The Relapse," mentioned earlier.

Then followed a long list of successes at Stratford as producer as well as actor. But though he is actor-producer, for him acting comes first.

When Diana Wynyard joined the Stratford players, she was noted for shyness that might have been mistaken for aloofness. Now she has fallen into their easy, friendly way of life.

"Diana is a wonderful mixer," any of the 15 or so players who take small parts will tell you. "She looks after us all, so she is a very busy person."

Forty-two-year-old Diana, who will play opposite Quayle on the Australian tour, is one of those fortunate actresses with the great asset of being able to look old or young almost at will.

Once classed among the ten best-dressed women of the world, Diana now spends more time at the theatre than at her couturiers.

But she still sets a high standard for dressing. "Such simple lines, such a lovely color sense, and so serene," the girls in the company sigh.

But Diana herself says: "I just don't have the time to spend choosing hats and having fittings for



RIVER AVON is background for candid snap of Diana Wynyard and John Perry, now playing at Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. John will not make the Australian tour with the company.

clothes. Besides, they all cost too much." And she achieves her elegance with a small though well-chosen wardrobe.

Diana's generosity is a by-word.

"We had no false eyelashes, and with such a deep stage at Stratford, we needed heavy ones," Lorna Whitehouse told me. "Diana had some sent from America for herself, but gave us all a set."

Lorna, who will play Lady Macduff in "Macbeth," is a sad, sweet widow, whose actor husband was killed in the R.A.F.

Young bachelors of the company mostly live in flats, cooking for themselves, and when Diana divided some large cheeses among them they were delighted.

At the company's end-of-season party Diana rode in the wheelbarrow race, ran in the egg-and-spoon race, hobbled through the sack race, rode in the bicycle race.

The company plans to go to Canada next year, after the Stratford season, America the next, and so on, as long as there are world stages and audiences waiting for Shakespeare.



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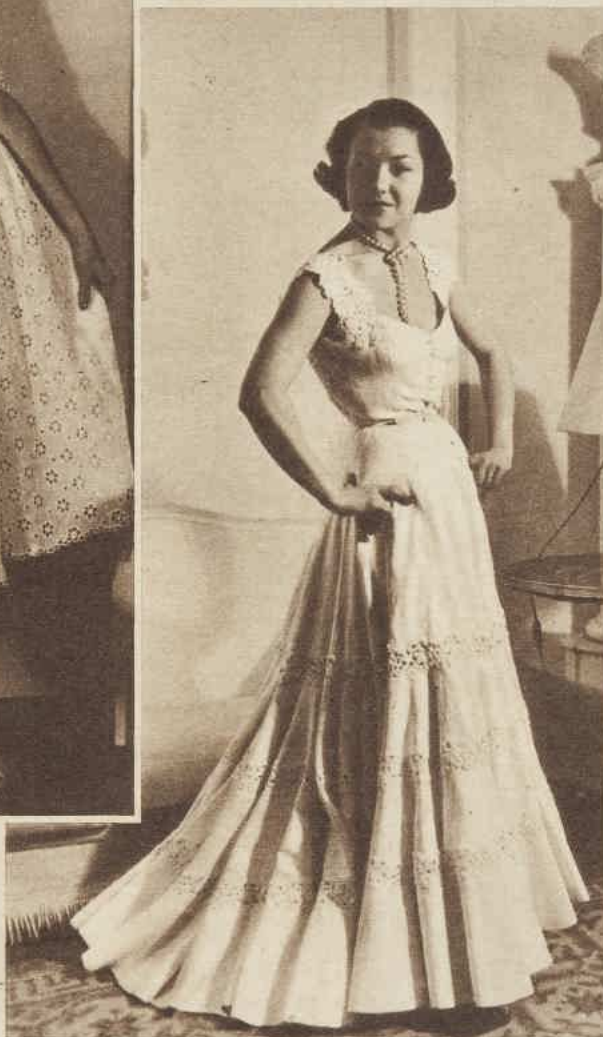
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WINNING WHITE

★ White was used lavishly in the mid-summer collections in Paris this year, and the three elegant frocks here were chosen by Mrs. Mary Hordern for our 1949 Paris Fashion Parades.



● Broderie anglaise makes a glamorous cocktail frock. Its newest note is the topless bodice with a deep shawl collar. Designed by Malyneux, it is only barely calf length.



● Pique is used by Nina Ricci for this summer evening gown and she adds wide bands of guipure lace insertion for trimming on the skirt and as shoulder - straps.

+ + +



● Organdie and deep bands of broderie anglaise are combined by Maggy Rouff to make a perfect teenage dance frock with a shawl neckline and tiered skirt.



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Music is bond in romance of earl and pianist



ENGAGED PAIR. The Earl of Harewood, elder son of the Princess Royal and eleventh in succession to the British Throne, and his fiancée, Miss Marion Stein, talented concert pianist, photographed in the garden at St. James' Palace the day their engagement was announced.

Girl who fled to England grew up to marry into Royal Family

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

In the autumn there will be a white wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Marion Stein, one-time little Austrian refugee, who fled with her parents from the Nazis, will become a countess.

Now a talented concert pianist, she is engaged to the Earl of Harewood, 26-year-old elder son of the Princess Royal and eleventh in line of succession to the Throne.

BEFORE the wedding the Earl will take Marion to the historic home, Harewood House, of which she will soon be chatelaine. There he will introduce her to his tenants and his Yorkshire friends.

She has seen the house, for her fiancé took her there some months ago to introduce her to his mother, the Princess Royal.

It was the day after a photograph of the Earl and the girl appeared in British newspapers, and the first time the Princess Royal learned of the friendship of her music-loving son with the concert pianist.

Harewood House stands in 2000 acres of beautiful parkland, midway between Leeds and Harrogate. It is a perfect example of Cornishian architecture, built in 1760 at (for those days) the enormous cost of £100,000.

The gardens alone cost £16,000 to lay out, and the late Earl and the Princess Royal spent large sums in extending and improving them.

To 22-year-old Marion Stein Harewood House will be an artistic and intellectual joy, for the interior is resplendent with furnishings by Robert Adam and Chippendale, with portraits by Reynolds, Hoppner, and Lawrence, and magnificent painted ceilings.

When she attended the Royal Garden Party, which was the first public appearance of the newly engaged pair, everyone was impressed with her dark, glowing beauty.

Her dark hair is worn in a long page-boy style, and with her dark eyes, full red mouth, and creamy skin she is an arresting type. She wears simple clothes well.

The couple's visit to Yorkshire will include a number of official receptions. Although they will spend as much time as possible at

Harewood House, both hope to continue their careers—she as a pianist, he as an opera critic. They are looking for a small flat in London, or preferably a small house, since Miss Stein practises six hours daily, usually starting at 7 a.m.

The wedding will be a very simple one, according to the rites of the Church of England, as the Earl is in the line of succession to the Throne. For the same reason children of the marriage must also be baptised in the Church of England.

There's to be a big village wedding celebration, coinciding with the London reception.

Benjamin Britten, the composer, played Cupid in this musical romance. He introduced the couple at a Suffolk musical festival last year.

Gifted Miss Stein comes of musical stock. Her father is a member of the publishing firm of Boosey and Hawkes, and director of Benjamin Britten's English Opera Company. He was with an orchestra in Vienna before he fled to England in 1937.

After her marriage to the Earl, Marion Stein will probably keep her own name for her career.

"My fiancé is very keen for me to continue studying, and playing the piano," she said. "He is passionately fond of music, as I am, and takes a great interest in my career. Music first brought us together."

Since then the Earl has helped to secure her some important professional appearances.

Miss Stein has played since she was a toddler in Vienna. She inherits her musical gifts from her father, her beautiful figure from her tall, handsome, grey-haired mother.

Once convinced she showed promise as a pianist, her parents sent her to the best available tutor.

But her studies were interrupted. The Nazi threat grew, and the family came to London.

Here Marion attended Kensington



RAVEN-HAIRED Marion Stein, fiancée of the Earl of Harewood.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL, mother of the Earl of Harewood, at whose home, at St. James' Palace, the wedding reception will be held.

High School. Her first concern was to perfect her English. Now she speaks with only the slightest trace of a foreign accent.

For a girl used to making her bow before thousands, Marion Stein is shy, with few friends, and no social ambitions whatever.

From her mother she has learned good Viennese cooking, and though she has a divinely slim figure she told me she attributes that to luck.

"I'm afraid I like good food and have a hearty appetite," she said. "One must eat, you know, if one wants to play the piano well. It is strenuous."

Miss Stein's hands on which the young Earl placed the antique ring of a single emerald flanked with two enormous diamonds are, as I expected them to be, beautifully kept. And this in spite of helping her mother run the flat, do the shopping, and cooking.

The Steins keep only a daily maid. When she is married to the Earl, Miss Stein will figure on the Order of Precedence list as laid down by

the King, leaving and entering a room after the Duchess of Kent's daughter, Princess Alexandra.

When her engagement was announced, the only members of the Royal Family the bride-to-be had met were her future mother-in-law, the Princess Royal, and Queen Mary.

When the Earl took her to meet the Queen Mother, Miss Stein took her flute with her.

Queen Mary was so charmed with the dark-eyed, dark-haired girl her slim, sprightly grandson had fallen in love with that the King did not have to meet Miss Stein before giving his consent to the marriage.

The young Earl called on the King twice in May to obtain the Royal permission.

Every descendant of George II (and this includes many foreign royalties) must seek the British Sovereign's consent to marriage. It is laid down in the Royal Marriages Act of 1772.

In very broken English, excited Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Stein, parents of the bride-to-be, told me: "We met the Princess Royal, too, and found her charming. Like ourselves, she is delighted that two young people with such a love of music should have fallen in love."

"We all feel they have a great bond that will bridge social gaps."

It was in the prisoner-of-war camp that the Earl of Harewood first developed his love of the arts. Studying hard, he became an authority on opera, leading to his appointment in May of this year to the highbrow "New Statesman and Nation."

He is also joint editor of the monthly "Opera and Ballet."

He worked in a munitions factory before joining the Grenadiers as a private soldier at two shillings a day. Eight months later he was commissioned, wounded, captured by the Germans in Italy in 1944, and released a year later.

Though tall, good-looking, rich, and a very eligible bachelor, the Earl of Harewood never cut much of a figure in Mayfair society. His name is never on the guest lists of famous hostesses. He partners no deba. to dances.

His whole interest is in music and the Little Theatre movements, and even his engagement party was nothing more ostentatious than a couple of seats in the stalls at the serious H. G. Wells play, "Ann Veronica."

This followed a small dinner party at St. James' Palace given by the Princess Royal to introduce her future daughter-in-law to a few close friends.

It is therefore unlikely the young Earl and his Countess will ever become part of the busy social life of the Court.

But it is equally unlikely that with a good-sized fortune left him by the sixth Earl, his father, and one of the most beautiful estates in England, the young couple will be able to sink themselves in a world of music and escape all the responsibilities money and his position in relation to the Throne bring.

To the Steins' neighbors the engagement was not a surprise.

For months they have peeped through their lace curtains at the Earl's pre-war roadster parked outside No. 22 Melbury Rd., Kensington.

Week-ends were even more positive evidence... the Earl, in corduroy trousers, open-neck shirt, gaily colored socks, would be seen carrying Marion's large shopping basket... glimpsed again through the gingham curtains at the kitchen window, lending a hand with the household chores... and relaxed and enraptured as Marion played the piano.

Suburbia nodded its approval.

Obviously the Earl was very much in love. And the happy sequel is a Royal romance, sealed with the approval of the King.

A SECRET TO KEEP

WOMEN, who have won most of the rights they ever wanted, sometimes find they need to make vehement defence of old privileges.

A regional conference of the C.W.A., for instance, has put on record its objection to the publication of a woman's age.

A delicate business, this of frankness about age. The viewpoint varies so much with the occasion.

A writer, whose publisher wishes to announce that "this remarkable novel was written at the age of 18," must choose between having her age forever calculable or forgoing the publicity value of her precocity.

On the other hand, a visiting entomologist, out for a jungle safari, is proud to announce she is setting off at 68.

And then again, if the publication of age were irrevocably banned, we might find "Mary Smith, 42," replaced in stark print by "Mary Smith, middle-aged!"

Cosmetics being what they are to-day, what woman of 42 would prefer that hateful description? Yet it might come so aptly to the pen of a youthful reporter of 20.

One delegate pointed out that the truth might be harmful to a woman in business.

Yes, there's the rub. *Mistiquett* may be proud to announce now that she's doing a jitterbug act at 74, but there were probably times when she was trying to clip 10 years off her acknowledged span.

But if the old right of privacy on this delicate question be maintained, the old rule about growing old gracefully is worth keeping, too.

The secret, of course, is to accept the years with gratitude rather than resentment, to count the gains rather than the losses. If the joyous intensity of youth is lost, so is its torturing sensitivity.

Every woman should hope to be able to face the legend "Mary Smith, 50" with a smile.

CLEOPATRA: Siren Queen of Egypt

WHEN Cleopatra rolled out of a carpet before the startled eyes of Julius Caesar at an Alexandrian palace in 48 B.C., she began the career which twice brought her within reach of becoming empress of the known world.

In the next 18 years she was to become the mistress first of Caesar, then of Mark Antony; keep Egypt, for a few years, from becoming entirely a Roman province; and leave behind a legend of the woman whose name is synonymous with enchantment to this day.

Cleopatra was the last of a Macedonian dynasty, the Ptolemys, which had ruled Egypt for 300 years.

Three years before she confronted Caesar she had come to the throne as joint ruler with her 10-year-old brother, Ptolemy XII.

The power of the Ptolemys in Egypt was then dimming under the shadow of advancing Rome. It was further weakened by the struggle for power between Cleopatra and her young brother's advisers.

Driven from Alexandria by her brother's faction, Cleopatra had raised her own army and was at war with them when Caesar, as Roman leader, appeared in Egypt and summoned both parties to arbitration.

Cleopatra's difficulty was to get to Caesar without being murdered by the palace gang on the way. That was why she was smuggled into the palace, concealed in a roll of carpet.

"For the charming Queen of Egypt to emerge suddenly from a carpet in Caesar's presence was also an admirable way of putting their relations on a gay, informal footing from the outset," comments historian Edwyn Bevan.

And what was she like, this Queen who appeared at Caesar's feet?

The 21-year-old creature had mixed with the ruthlessness of her Macedonian blood, the wiles and intellect of her Greek grandmother. She was not—so historians agree—really a beautiful woman.

According to Plutarch—whose grandfather had talked with those who knew her:

"Her actual beauty was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching."

In addition to being clever, with an excellent knowledge of languages, she was "extraordinarily amusing, vital, and attractive."

Another historian describes her as having "grace of carriage, vivacity of body and mind, a variety of accomplishments, suavity of manners, and a melodious voice."

Her fascination has lingered through the centuries to capture



MEETING WITH CAESAR. An artist's impression of Cleopatra emerging from the carpet. (Picture from Wells' "Outline of History.")

writers from Shakespeare to Shaw. Who does not remember "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"?

And the celebrated quip: "If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole aspect of the world would have been altered."

To her own period, however, Cleopatra was a woman of imperialist ambitions.

What others before her had done by force of arms, Cleopatra did with a woman's wiles. She conquered the conquerors. Caesar became her lover, entered into a war on her behalf, and succeeded in restoring her to the Egyptian throne.

The boy king, who was incidentally, also Cleopatra's official husband as well as her brother, disappeared. Caesar replaced him by her other brother, then about 12.

● Books worth reading on Cleopatra include "History of Egypt under the Ptolemaic Dynasty," by Edwyn Bevan, Plutarch's "Lives" (Caesar and Antony), "Cleopatra," by Emil Ludwig, "Cleopatra of Egypt," by Philip Sergeant, "Life and Times of Cleopatra," by A. E. Weigall.

Cleopatra flaunted her liaison with Caesar, and though her subjects were scandalised she claimed a son, born in 47 B.C., as Caesar's and named it after him.

The younger brother with whom she shared her throne was not allowed to live long. Although she was not officially credited with his murder, she probably arranged his death because he stood in the young Caesar's path.

When Caesar returned to Rome in 46 B.C., now dictator of the Roman world, Cleopatra accompanied him, in spite of the existence of his legal wife, Calpurnia.

She titled herself "The Queen," and saw a giddy prospect before her of a world of complete power. But fate was against her. In 44

B.C. Caesar was assassinated by Brutus and his followers, and she fled to Egypt.

There she set Caesar's son, Ptolemy Caesar, on the throne with her. Meanwhile she watched the new struggle for power in the Roman world.

The clash was between the forces of Brutus and Cassius and those of Octavian and Mark Antony. Octavian and Antony represented the cause of the dead Julius Caesar. It would have seemed that Cleopatra's sympathy would therefore lie with them.

But she was too shrewd a woman to ally herself with a loser. She waited, inactive.

When Antony, victorious after the battle of Philippi in 42 B.C., sent to ask why she had given him no assistance, she ignored his summons at first, until she was ready to visit him at Tarsus in Cilicia.

When she finally condescended to visit him, her arrival was magnificent.

According to Plutarch she "came sailing up the river Cydnus in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps."

"She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like sea nymphs and graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore."

"The word went through all the multitude that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia," adds Plutarch.

Cleopatra declined Antony's invitation to supper, and asked him instead to visit her. Again, she dazzled him with spectacle, and he found the preparations to receive him "magnificent beyond expression."

The uninhibited Cleopatra could scarcely have pleased Antony more. The story goes that she had a typically feminine excuse for failing

FAMOUS WOMEN

to help him in warfare. She had meant to help him, she said, and had put out with her fleet, but the weather had been atrocious, and she had been so dreadfully ill!

It would be a mistake, says one historian, to regard Antony's affair with Cleopatra in a truly romantic light. Antony took considerable vulgar pride in having a Queen for his mistress. His first wife had been a freedman's daughter. His second wife, Fulvia, who died in 40 B.C., was of humble birth.

The pair lived a life of extravagant revelry, forming a convivial society which they called "The Inimitable Livers."

That lively old gossip, Plutarch, describes how Egypt's Queen suited her mood to the coarse, handsome Antony:

"Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes; at every turn she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by day nor by night."

"She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted with him; and when he exercised in arms she was there to see. At night she would go rambling with him to disturb and torment people at their doors and windows, dressed like a servant-woman, for Antony also went in servant's disguise."

When it looked as though he might return to his wife, she "feigned to be dying for love of Antony, bringing her body down by slender diet; when he entered the room she fixed her eyes upon him in a rapture, and when he left seemed to languish and half faint away. She took great pains that he should see her in tears, and, as soon as he noticed it, hastily dried them up and turned away, as if it were her wish that he should know nothing of it."

They entertained lavishly, according to information Plutarch received "straight from the royal kitchen." A medical student who was friendly with Plutarch's grandfather once visited the kitchen as a guest of one of the cooks and saw the sumptuous preparations for supper.

After admiring the variety of delectable dishes, he exclaimed, on seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, "Surely you have a great number of guests."

"The cook laughed at his simplicity," says Plutarch.

"He told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn, and if anything was but one minute ill-timed it was spoiled."

"And," said the cook, "maybe Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour, maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that not one, but many suppers must be ready, as it is impossible to guess at his hour."

Antony proceeded to rid Cleopatra of anyone who stood in her way—including her sister Arsinoe, who some years before, at the age of 15, had run off and raised an army against Cleopatra.

During the time that Antony was all-powerful, the sanguine Cleopatra frequently asserted: "As surely as one day I shall give judgment in the Roman Capitol."

But meanwhile Antony's passion spelt his ruin. He neglected his campaigns, and though he patched up a quarrel with Octavian by taking as his third wife Octavian's sister Octavia, he soon returned to the fascinating Cleopatra.

Finally he sent a letter of divorce to Octavia. He proclaimed Cleopatra the "Queen of Kings," and bequeathed the Eastern provinces of the Roman Empire to his twin son and daughter by her.

Continued on page 34

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



OFF TO THE GARDEN PARTY. Edna Goulston (left), of Bellevue Hill, and Judith Knowlman on their way to Buckingham Palace Garden Party, which was held in London on July 21.



ART SHOW IN LONDON. Cyril Ritchard (left), Madge Elliott, Justin O'Brien, and Hector Bolitho at opening of Justin O'Brien's one-man show of paintings at the Hanover Galleries. Show was opened by Hector Bolitho.



DOUBLE CELEBRATION. Hostess Betty Laing (left) with Gerry Pitt and her fiancé, Jock Simpson, at party given by Betty at her home at Vaucluse before she sails for England in Orca. Gerry, who joins ship in Melbourne for voyage with Betty, has gay round of farewell and congratulatory parties before leaving. Gerry is second daughter of late Mrs. Charles Phillips and late Mr. E. Pitt, and Jock is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Telford Simpson, of Bellevue Hill.

Intimate Gossipings



FAMILY link in church chosen by Jean North Ash and her fiancé, Des Bey, for their marriage, which will take place on September 17.

Couple will marry at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay, where bride's grandfather, the Rev. George North Ash, was vicar years ago when church was just little wooden structure and parish reached from Manly to North Head. Jean's father, Archdeacon E. A. North Ash, was born at the vicarage of St. Augustine's and he and his wife were married there. Jean's brother Russell and his wife were also wed in same church.

Ceremony will be performed by bride's father, assisted by Rev. Siddons, of North Sydney. Des' sister, Mrs. Donald Dykes, will be matron of honor and Betty Tully will be bridesmaid. Matron of honor, Nanette Dykes, was with bride in A.A.M.W.S. during war years and Betty, who is now B.C.P.A. hostess, was air hostess with Jean with A.N.A.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Jimmy Maiden and his bride, formerly Judy Fowler Smith, at reception at Amory, Ashfield, after marriage at The King's School Chapel. Judy is third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fowler Smith, of Dungog and Forster.

NEWS of two weddings of country interest arrives in my mailbox this week. Patricia Tyson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Tyson, of Goolgumbia, Jerilderie, and Captain C. M. Richard Hezlet, only son of Colonel C. O. Hezlet, D.S.O., of The Winns, Bushmills, County Antrim, Northern Ireland, and late Mrs. Hezlet, marry in drawing-room of Burrabogie Station, home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. A. A. Neilson Mills. Only bridesmaid was Jocelyn Simpson, of Hay, and Mr. Andrew Mills, a cousin of the bride, attended Captain Hezlet. The Rev. H. D. Mackie, B.A., former minister of St. Andrew's Church, Hay, officiated at ceremony. Couple leave shortly after their honeymoon in Melbourne for visit to Captain Hezlet's people in Northern Ireland, and to his grandmother, Mrs. G. E. Stuart, formerly of Goolgumbia, and now living in London.

Other interesting country news is wedding of Mrs. Phyllis McClintock of Frampton, Estate, Cootamundra, and Mr. Robert Ross, of Wangool Station, Holbrook. Marriage was quietly celebrated at the Presbyterian Church, Culcurn, by Rev. Williamson.



LUNCHING AT ROMANO'S. Molly McDonald and fiancé, Dr. John McNamara, have celebration luncheon at Romano's when they announce engagement. Molly is only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. G. McDonald, of Vaucluse. Couple plan October wedding.



TOWN AND COUNTRY BALL. Committee members Mrs. John Bray and Mrs. Bob Withycombe lunch at Romano's to discuss plans for Town and Country Ball to be held at Romano's on September 24. Proceeds for the Smith Family Joy Spreaders.



DECEMBER BRIDE-TO-BE. Jill Flanders and fiancé, Warwick McBeath, of Nowra, who will marry at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, on December 17. Jill is only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Flanders, of Muswellbrook.



PRETTY GIRLS. Pauline Ryan (left) and Margaret Chance snipped at Law Ball held at Trocadero. Ball is organised by the Sydney University Law Society.

GAY doings for Brisbane when Exhibition Week begins, the gayest week of the year in sunny Queensland. Never ending seems list of parties, dances, and festivities. Government House guests are Lieut.-General and Mrs. F. H. Berryman, who go up from Sydney for week's festivities. Their daughter Ann accompanies them and stays with Mrs. E. M. Wynter, of New Farm. The Governor, Sir John Lavarack, and Lady Lavarack, in spite of exceptionally busy week, find time to entertain. They give two parties, one on Tuesday, when guests include many country visitors, and on the following night a young people's dance at Government House.

ON way to England aboard Esperance Bay are Helen Lavender, of Strathfield, and Rosamund Whiting, of Parramatta. Helen, formerly a radio technician in Sydney, hopes to work on television at B.B.C. Rosamund, who was secretary to the headmaster of The King's School, is looking for secretarial work in England, and both intend to buy bicycles and tour the country, staying at youth hostels overnight.

GLIMPSE Mr. and Mrs. Dalzell Mein when they pass through Sydney from Toolang, Coleraine, Victoria, and make Australia Hotel their headquarters before flying on to Queensland, where they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Joyce, of Eidsvold. Dal's sister, Alison, and her husband, Eric McBrath, who were married recently in Melbourne, have returned from Southport, where they spent their honeymoon.

IN line for congratulation. Nancy Stewart, only child of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Stewart, of Braddon, Canberra, announces engagement to Second Officer James Cooper, M.N., of Bombay and London. Marriage will take place at St. Andrew's, Canberra, when James returns to Australia early in New Year. . . . Jean Ryrie, whose engagement to Anthony Trebeck is announced. Jean is youngest daughter of Mrs. Ryrie, Penally, Gulgambone, and her fiancé is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Trebeck, Bundaroo, Brewarrina.

PRETTY wedding at St. Mary Magdalene Church, Rose Bay, when Lurline Cullen, younger daughter of Mrs. M. Cullen, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. C. E. Cullen, marries Jim O'Connor. Bride wears ballerina-length lilac full-pleated skirt and fitted jacket suit of soft angora, and adds dusty-pink hat trimmed with French roses and chiffon. Bride's sister Kitty was bridesmaid.

GRAND time at Quirindi when three-day polo carnival is held and local teams in district compete with visiting teams from Stone, Muswellbrook, and Gunnedah. Players disappointed that the Wirrawillas, from Dungog, couldn't make it as transport difficulties made it impossible to bring horses and equipment. Highlight of social events is Tamarang matrons' dinner held in Showground Pavilion. Polo enthusiasts come direct from field and partake of buffet dinner before dancing. Tables groan with twelve turkeys, hams, and delicious country fare. Among charming hostesses are Mesdames Bob Simson, Colin Simson, Bill Hardy, and Cam Ronald. Glimpse visitors at polo: the Frank Cranes, from Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vivers, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moses, of Gunnedah, Gunnedah, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hyem, Dr. and Mrs. Yank Rutherford, of Muswellbrook.

FUTURE home at Kedron, Brisbane, for Desmond Harris and his bride, formerly Joan Tyrrell, who married recently at St. Philip's, Church Hill.

CELEBRATION at Roosevelt Restaurant when Gwenth Joas and Bob Candow announce engagement. Gwenth, who wears solitary engagement ring, is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Joas, of Lakemba. Bob is younger son of Captain and Mrs. D. A. Candow, of Vancouver, Canada. Couple plan marriage in November, and will then make home in Canada.

CONGRATULATIONS for Ron and Peggy Milyard, whose second son, Richard, was born at Royal Private Hospital, Lindfield. Peggy returns home to Pymble, where new arrival is greeted by baby brother, Jon.

joyce

Just for completing a JINGLE about
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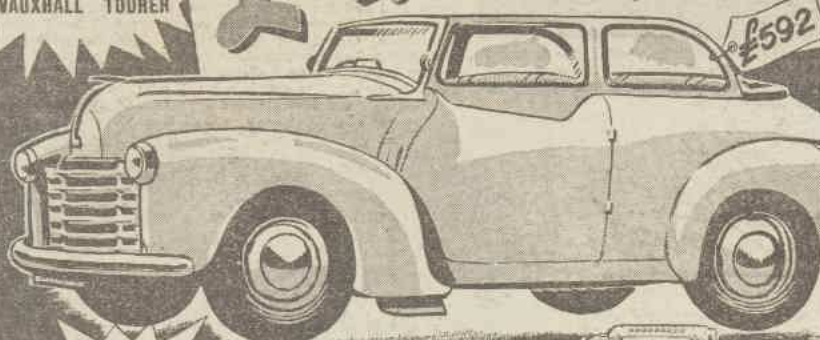
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3

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TO BE GIVEN AWAY
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ENTER NOW!

Big Weekly Contests open and
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Final contest closes
Thursday, 13th Oct.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER THE
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- Write a last line for the New Rinso jingle shown here.
- Get an entry form, free, from the store where you deal. It contains the rules which govern this contest - but you have, in this advertisement, all the information you need to get started.
- Write your entry in the space provided on the entry form. You may send in only one entry per contest, but a new contest starts every Thursday and you can enter them all.
- Prize-winners will be announced by Dick Fair over "Australia's Amateur Hour" on Thursday nights.

COMPLETE THIS JINGLE

New Rinso washes white clothes whiter

Than when they were brand-new,

New Rinso washes coloureds brighter

Example: *"To magic suds it's due"*

Just fill in last line in your own words.

HERE ARE SOME REASONS WHY YOU'LL LIKE NEW RINSO. YOU'LL FIND MANY MORE!

NEW RINSO TAKES
EVERY PRIZE. WITH
NEW MAGIC IN ITS
THICKER, RICHER SUDS,
RINSO WASHES
WHITES WHITER
THAN BRAND-NEW

EVEN CLOTHES I'VE
HAD FOR YEARS COME
UP WITH NEW WHITENESS
AND BRIGHTNESS, THANKS
TO NEW RINSO

AND LOOK AT MY
COLOURED! THEY'RE
BRIGHTER
THAN BRAND-NEW!



GET
FREE ENTRY
FORMS FROM
YOUR STORE!



ANTHROPOLOGY is one of the subjects Robin Stanton is studying at Sydney University as part of her Arts course. Here she is shown with some of the masks used in her work.

Two Australians in our parades

Two lovely young Australian girls have been selected to show our collection at The Australian Women's Weekly 1949 Paris Fashion Parades, with four highly trained French mannequins. The Australians are Robin Stanton and Gwen Wilkinson, both of Sydney.

ROBIN is a vivacious brunette, slight and petite, with a flair for wearing clothes elegantly.

She has sparkling brown eyes and brown hair cut in cap style. She is 20 years old, her height is 5ft. 3½in., and her waist measures 21 inches.

Noted for her clever dressing, she is a familiar figure at all Sydney's smartest functions.

But clothes are only one of Robin's many interests.

Chief of these is speed motor racing.

"I'd rather be behind the steering-wheel of a high-powered car going over the Mt. Panorama course at Bathurst than on any dance floor," said Robin.

Her love of speed is satisfied, too, by sailing, and she is hoping very much to be able to go to Europe and take part in the Swiss snow sports next year.

At present Robin is doing her Arts course at the Sydney University.

Gwen Wilkinson is also a brunette with a slender, athletic figure.

Her time is fully taken up with a secretarial job, and she has had to apply for leave in order to take part in the parades.

Gwen's eyes are a wonderful dark blue. Her hair is a vital, lively brown, and she wears it shoulder length. She is 5ft. 6½in. tall and is 21 years old.

She has a charming, unsophisticated personality, and will appeal immensely to audiences by her natural grace.



GWEN WILKINSON is a lovely natural brownette with a charming personality and a slender athletic figure.

Gwen's great interest outside her work is tennis, and she misses no chance of playing at week-ends. She is an A-grade competition player.

Madame Suzy Le Terrier, who is directing the parades for the first time this year, met the girls as soon as she arrived in Sydney, and has been coaching them in mannequin work.

"They are both charming girls and willing to learn," she said. "They are totally different types and each has much that will appeal to the public."

Daily parades

ALL the Sydney parades will be held at the Trocadero.

They will open with a gala dinner ball at 9 p.m. on August 22. For this ball the tickets will be £2/2/-.

Parades will be held every day except Sundays, and, if transport restrictions are still in force, Saturdays. The final parade will be on September 2,

OUR COVER

OUR cover shows Lieut. J. W. Barnes, of the Household Cavalry Life Guards, being given a final uniform check by Major W. H. Gerard-Leigh before the Changing of the Guard in London.

Immaculate standards are required of the Household Cavalry, and troopers undergo three rigid inspections on foot and on horseback before leaving barracks.

The Life Guards have their origin in the troop of Royalist Cavaliers who formed the bodyguard of King Charles I in the Civil War of 1642-48; the Blues descend from a Cromwellian Regiment of Horse.



MRS MARY HORDER, our fashion adviser, standing at right, interviewing a number of Sydney models to choose the two girls who would show clothes in our Paris Parades with four French girls.



ROBIN STANTON has dark brown eyes and hair, a vivacious, engaging personality, and a slight, petite figure. In this picture Robin is wearing one of her attractive cocktail frocks, made of claret-brown net over a pale blue slip, with a wide kid belt.



TENNIS is one of Gwen Wilkinson's chief interests and as an A-grade player she is much in demand. Gwen's tennis outfit of tailored shorts and a cap-sleeved shirt is trim and smart.

or on Saturday, September 3, according to conditions.

Morning parades will start at 11 a.m. and afternoon parades at 2.30 p.m., and tickets for both these sessions will be 7/6.

Special business girls' parades will be held at 5.30 p.m. on the following dates: August 24, August 26, August 31, and September 3, if possible. Tickets for these parades will be 4/-. Doors for each parade will open half an hour before starting-time.

All bookings are at the Trocadero, and no telephone bookings will be accepted.

Proceeds of all the Sydney parades will go to the Returned Soldiers' League Anzac House Building Fund.

The parades will go later to Melbourne and Adelaide.

The Australian Women's Weekly—August 13, 1949



Jim was worried about me...



I was always tired, terribly tired, and I looked ill. Wood-fire stoves and no refrigeration made housework a burden to me and the days seemed endless. We were both worried about it, but there didn't seem to be anything we could do. Then Jim had an idea. Now with my kerosine operated refrigerator, cooker, hot-water service, bath-heater and radiators, life is more comfortable, my housework takes only a fraction of the time and I look and feel years younger. Kerosine operated household equipment will make your life easier, too: give you city comfort at low cost and add years to your life.

The perfect fuel for all kerosine units is Pennant—approved by all leading manufacturers. Your local store-keeper has ample stocks always.



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"Top-Tone" Shade Control brings you satin-smooth complexion loveliness that clings, unchanged, for hours.

Enjoy the subtle magic of "Three Flowers" complexion battery! How it enhances your own skin tonings, covers tiny skin flaws, gives your complexion youth-smoothness and warm, natural glow. Delicate it is, and lovely it makes you . . . yet this blossom-fragrant powder clings and clings—seems to become a part of you.

"Top-Tone" Shade Control Protects Your Loveliness

Because "Three Flowers" Face Powder contains the special "Top-Tone" ingredient, it is unaffected by skin secretions . . . won't streak or "cake," whether your skin be oily or dry . . . the entrancing shade you choose remains the glorifying shade you wear—hour after hour. Let "Three Flowers" give you youthful radiance . . . ask for "Three Flowers" to-day at your usual supplier.

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Companions in Glamour
"Three Flowers"
Lipstick, Rouge, Creams,
Brilliantine, Talc,
Perfume.



CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

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Storm in the Heart

Continued from page 4

LESLEY sat down. "Did you have a nice time in town, Howard?" "No," said Howard. "But I didn't expect to." He sat down opposite her, on Bill's divan. "Mr. Heywood seems a pleasant young man," he added.

"Yes," said Lesley. "Howard, have you had time to settle my estate?" "My dear girl!" said Howard.

"I mean I want to know where I stand," she persisted. "You see, I was thinking that if I can keep the house, I might take paying guests here this summer."

Howard blinked. "It takes considerable time to settle an estate," he said. "However, I do not think that paying guests—It is nearly time for dinner. Why don't you dress now, and this evening we'll have a long talk."

"This evening?" she echoed. "I was planning to remain here over the week-end," he said. "There are papers for you to sign, various things."

"Oh," said Lesley. "Of course, Howard."

Dinner with Howard and Bill was not at all like dinner with Bill. He and Howard launched into a long discussion on boats.

"It must be an enjoyable life," Howard was saying. "Living on a boat." He smiled. "No dreary offices, no crowds, the sea both your home and your living—"

"Why, Howard!" Lesley interrupted. "You're positively poetic!"

Howard's eyes were wistful. "I'm envious, dear girl. Mr. Heywood is free. He's not caught, like the rest of us—"

"He's caught, now," said Lesley. "Only between tides," said Howard. "I hope," added Bill, grinning.

Lesley bit her lip. "I have a headache," she said. "I think I'll lie down for a while."

She sat by her bedroom window looking out at the yacht, graceful and still in the light of the waxing moon. The bay would seem dreadfully empty without the Star riding there. Only between tides, Howard had said. I hope! Bill had added.

Two tears slipped through Lesley's lashes and moved down her cheeks. Just because a man kissed you didn't mean that he wouldn't go away. All their nonsense that afternoon, about partnership and paying guests and pelicans had been—well, nonsense.

In the morning, Bill and Davy were slapping paint on the Star, and the sound of their brushes and their laughter drifted in through her window. She put on her slacks and hurried downstairs.

"Ahoy!" she called, across the water. "Come and get me!"

Davy rowed in and went up the hill to the house, so Lesley rowed herself out.

"How'd you get the paint?" she inquired.

"Howard," said Bill. "All he had to do was phone the shop to make my credit unlimited. Davy and I drove in and got the stuff early."

Lesley sat down on the deck. It was silly to feel disappointed, but she wished she'd taken her jewellery to Mr. Atkins.

Lesley signed more papers that evening. The next morning, she drove with Howard into town and signed papers at the bank. When they returned to Storm Point, Bill and Davy were still painting in the sunshine.

After dinner the three of them played cards and Howard won.

"That's life for you," said Bill.

"You'll have to take my I.O.U.—you plutocrat!"

Lesley cried that night, too, but when she looked out of her window in the morning not a tear came. Her eyes felt dry as dust, and so did her heart.

The bay was empty.

She stared unbelievably for a long time. Gone was the Evening Star and the sailor, and there was only Howard left.

"Oh!" cried Lesley, stricken through her heart.

Howard was on the verandah, looking out at the awful emptiness of the bay, and Lesley sat down with her back to the view.

Her eyes were luminous from tears. "I've been thinking, Howard. And I've been growing up."

"This morning?" he asked. "Or this month?"

"This morning," she answered. "Howard, I can't ever marry you. I'm sorry. I know Aunt Josephine wanted it, but I can't."

"I'm sorry, too," said Howard.

"If you'd like to turn all this will business over to someone else—"

she began, and he smiled.

"That won't be necessary, Lesley."

Still she could not bear to look at the bay. "Howard, shall I be able to keep Storm Point?"

"Yes," he said. "Not as your aunt maintained it, of course."

Lesley held out her hand. "I'm grateful to you, Howard. I hope we'll always be friends." Her voice broke. "Would you mind awfully going away and leaving me alone?" she asked.

"Dear girl," said Howard.

Good-night, my sweet, thought Lesley. Good-bye, my sweet . . .

Lesley had painted the sign herself. It bore one word only:

"Rooms." Sarah had suggested that "Guests" was more elegant, but as Lesley pointed out, they were certain about the rooms. She was nailing it to the gatepost at the entrance to the drive, when she heard a car.

It was Mr. Emerson's taxi, from the town, and Bill Heywood got out of it.

Bill said Mr. Emerson. He looked at the sign, and he looked at Lesley.

Lesley sat down on the grass, because her knees were trembling.

"You have rooms to let, Miss?" asked Bill.

"They're very expensive," said Lesley, in a faint voice.

"Money means nothing to me," he told her. Like a little boy showing off a penknife, he drew a wad of notes from his hip pocket and held them out to her.

"Bill Heywood!" gasped Lesley.

"You haven't sold the Star?"

"Heavens, no!" said Bill. He dropped to the grass beside her.

"When I got the Star back there was this letter that had been waiting in the post office for a month. Some people want to charter the Star for the whole of August."

"Oh, Bill!" she said.

"Now I can pay all my just debts."

He grinned. "Howard still here?"

"Howard who?" asked Lesley, and Bill kissed her. "I thought you weren't coming back!" she said.

"You thought—" He kissed her again. "It's not your brains, obviously," he told her, tenderly.

"You didn't say good-bye!"

"I'm never going to say good-bye," he retorted.

His arm was about her, sitting there on the grass at the edge of the dusty road. They both jumped at the sound of Sarah's calm voice.

"There's a lady on the telephone about your advertisement. Are you at leisure to speak with her?"

Lesley looked up at Sarah. "I'll have to ask my business partner," she said.

"You can have five minutes," said Bill.

Sarah's grave eyes went to his face.

"I'm glad you're home," she said.

Bill smiled at her. "The best part was getting home," he said, Lesley kissed him.

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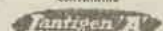
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WORTH Reporting

THE spelling bees that leading American newspapers conduct among the school-children of the United States attract tremendous interest year after year—and no wonder, when you see some of the words these under-sixteens can spell.

Acanthopterygian, caesalpinia-coccus, taeniagae are three of the stiffest examples.

They're not even listed in the Concise Oxford Dictionary, but the unabridged Webster's gives them. The first one is a zoological term referring to a division of fishes, the second a botanical term, and the third means a remedy to expel tapeworms.

The national champion speller certainly deserves his or her \$500-dollar prize.

Children are selected in the various districts by contests conducted by newspapers, and the 49 finalists go to Washington.

About five million children take part in the original contests, which start in class-rooms and are followed by inter-school and inter-city championships.

The official pronouncer for the contest has a difficult job. He must be able not only to pronounce the words, but define them and use them in a sentence if the contestant asks.

In the finals, a misspelt word means that the contestant is out.

One year there were only two left in the contest. They rattled off words such as senescent, cytoplasm, sardonox, and plebsicite. Then one, a boy, fell down on the word oligarchy. The other, a girl, spelled it correctly, was given psychiatry to spell, and won it to rounds of thunderous applause.

When there are only two contestants left, if one misses, the same word is given to the other contestant who must spell it, and another word as well, to win the title.

One year the contest was won by an 11-year-old girl.

Old sewing-machines enjoy boom

SEWING-MACHINE companies report that in the "powerless" conditions caused by the strike the biggest effect has been noticed in the hiring-out departments, where normally people prefer to hire electric machines rather than the treadle-driven variety.

Now, to cope with requests for the hiring of treadle machines, old-fashioned treadle type trade-in machines, many of which were awaiting refitting and remodelling, have been switched to the hire-out departments.

"People who depend on sewing-machines to earn their living mostly use electrically driven machines, so at the moment they are willing to borrow, buy, or hire a treadle-driven model," the sales manager of one of the biggest sewing-machine distributors told us.



"What's the matter with him, lady? Is he sick?"



Helping girls to learn flying

LEARNING to fly is still an expensive business, but the Western Australian Women's Flying Club has made it possible for seven girls, who might never have had the chance otherwise, to go well along the way to becoming licensed pilots.

The club was formed three years ago by 40 young girls, and the Royal Aero Club of Perth co-operated.

Members emphasise that it is not the aim of the organisation to make every member a pilot, but to foster among women an interest in flying. Socials, dances, and other entertainments are organised to raise money. Weekly lectures are given on navigation, meteorology, aerodynamics, and other subjects by flying instructors, and members and ex-members of the R.A.A.F.

Examinations are held and when a member has reached a suitable stage a test flight is arranged by the Aero Club. If this flight is satisfactory a scholarship is awarded which takes the student to solo stage.

Of the seven girls granted scholarships so far, one is a licensed pilot, three are ready for examination for their licence, and three have reached solo stage.

Both the Department of Civil Aviation and the Royal Aero Club are enthusiastic about the aims and achievements of the girls.

Seeking rare insects on lone safari

AN entomologist in search of rare insects in the jungle must be prepared to endure a maximum of discomfort, according to 68-year-old Evelyn Cheeseman, noted British entomologist and author.

Miss Cheeseman, who collects insects for the British Museum of Natural History, recently visited Australia on her way to New Caledonia on a nine months' insect safari alone in the jungle.

"Except for the first five clean minutes after my bath, I'm uncomfortable because I'm covered in jungle mud," she told us.

"I pack up and leave when it gets too much for me. I remember, after one long stretch in New Guinea, I suddenly found a leech in my tent. That was the last straw, and I was on my way back to civilisation the next day."

Miss Cheeseman, who has made a number of scientific expeditions into the interior of Dutch New Guinea and Papua, has learned how to handle the different types of natives who help her to gather specimens.

"Natives are easy to offend because of their varied beliefs, but once you get to know what is and isn't sacred with them you're all right," she said.

Miss Cheeseman said the general belief that an entomologist was always in search of the "biggest butterfly" was altogether wrong.

"I get thousands of tiny things never seen before, which I dry and wrap carefully," she said.

"I've caught as many as a thousand moths in one night."

Film industry club helps save babies

FAVORITE pin-ups of the 50 girls of Sydney film industry's Cine Club are at Crown Street Hospital, not in Hollywood.

Club members recently handed Matron Shaw the cheque which bought the hospital its first iron lung for babies, invented by two Tasmanians, Dr. W. K. McIntyre and Mr. E. N. Waterworth, and in use in Tasmania for some years.

The improved model, now installed at Crown Street, is the first of its kind in Sydney, and has already saved the lives of several babies.

Previously Cine Club girls have donated a resuscitation trolley and completely furnished two rooms in the new nurses' quarters. As well, they endow two cots annually, send baby clothes and comforts to their occupants.

During the 13 years since its formation, several club members have married and had their babies at Crown Street.

Other charities the club supports are The Smith Family, Limbless Soldiers' Association, Motion Picture Benevolent Fund, and the Fullerton Memorial Church. This is all done by club members and their immediate associates, without recourse to public appeal.

FOR 18 years secretary of Sydney's Horticultural Council, Mr. M. H. Nowland, of Thornleigh, is always glad when his calendar shows July 31. It means people will stop ringing him up asking how to prune roses. His telephone number is listed under the Council's name.

Spitfire ferry pilot is beautician

JUST now women at Cairns, North Queensland, are being given beauty treatment by former Spitfire ferry pilot Jennie Broad, of England.

"I'd hoped to get into commercial flying here as a woman commercial pilot," she said. "But as there don't seem to be many openings, I've gone back to giving beauty treatments, which was my job before the flying bug bit me."

She started flying in 1934, has had plenty of narrow escapes, beginning by crashing her aircraft after only three hours' solo flying.

"My goggles slipped as I was coming in to land," she told us. "I tried to adjust them, and landed about 10 feet up in the air. It hurt the aircraft, and hurt my pride. The instructor made me go up again immediately."

When the war started, Jennie went into the W.A.A.F. as a driver, became a cipher officer, then a ferry pilot.

"We had no guns or radio, and I often saw Hun fighters," she said. "Once I was about to land at an aerodrome, when I saw a hangar go up in flames from an enemy bomb. So I kept flying low over the fields and hedges, and the camouflaged wings didn't give my position away. When the attack was over I landed."

Another time an Anson full of ferry pilots was flying over a railway line in England.

"It was very misty, and the line was our landmark," she said. "The enemy had the same idea; suddenly a Hun fighter went by like a long dark streak, and bullets peppered our fuselage. Fortunately he didn't come back to get us, and we came out of it all right."

When the war ended, Jennie went to Iraq and Egypt, working in clubs attached to Air Force stations.

"Spring Song" trees go at last

AS long as there is a piano and someone to play it left in the world, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" won't be forgotten. But of the trees that inspired it, growing in Camberwell Grove, England, more than half are to be cut down.

Mendelssohn first got the idea for his "Spring Song" in 1847, when he saw the 112 trees of Camberwell Grove. To begin with, he called the composition "Camberwell Green." Seventy-two of the trees have been condemned.

Fashion Flashes

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Mother wore tights...

but not like these. Nylon and wool... red as danger... seemed like full-fashioned hose. Wonderful under slacks... ski pants. How to keep them fresh... fine... soft as down? Just Lux them, my pretties, that's all!

Beads on her toes!

The twinkle of beads on heel and toe... above them, slender silk-clad ankles. Nice to know that all stockings... silks, nylons, rayons... last TWICE as long if you whisk out perspiration with a nightly Lux dip instead of using harsh soaps.



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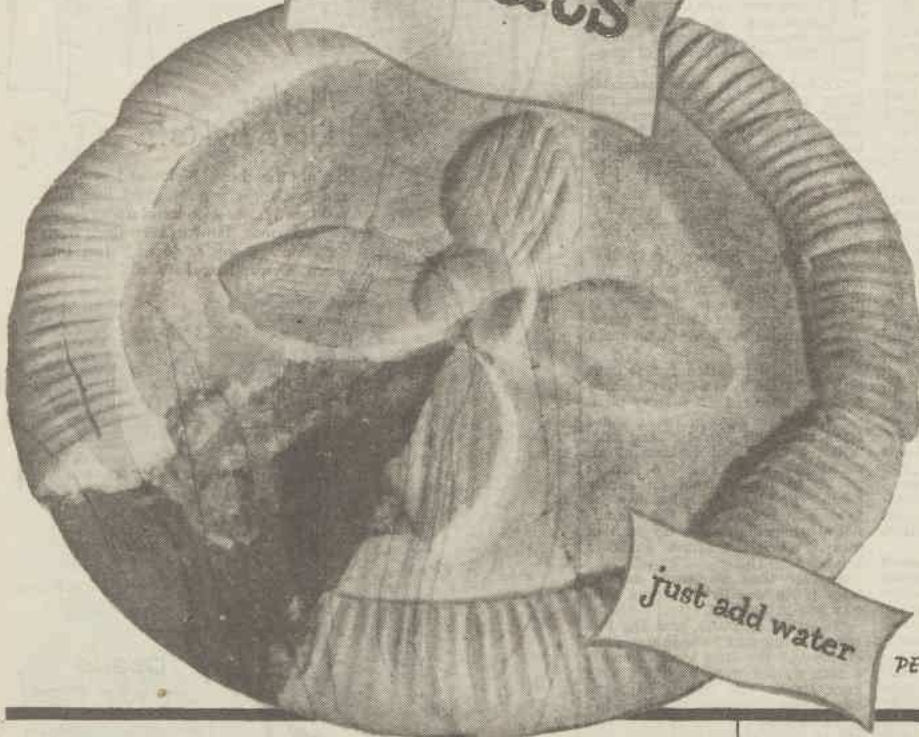
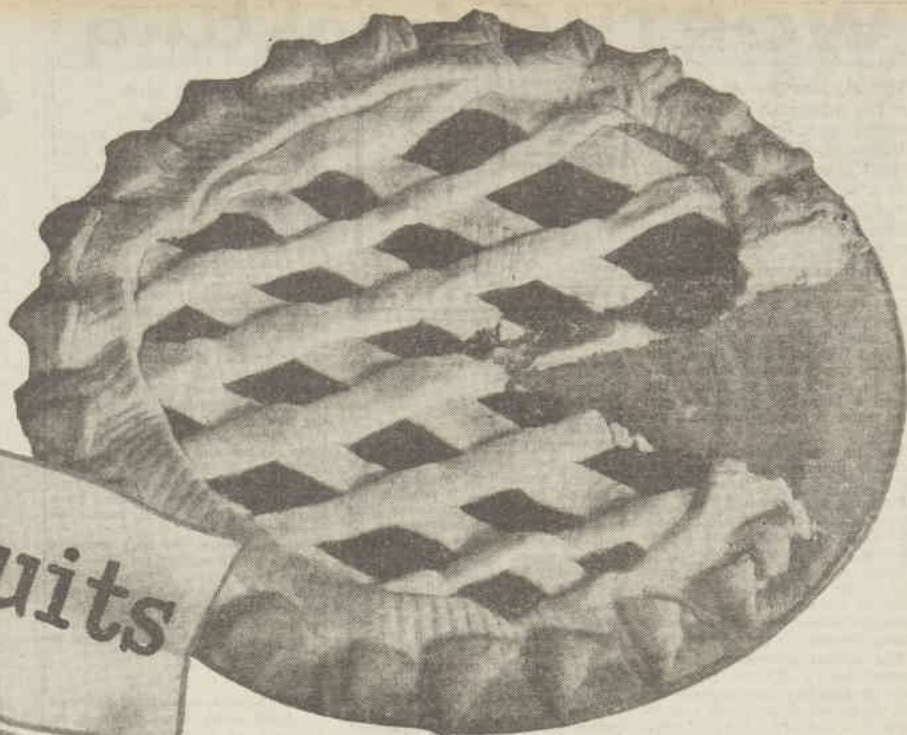
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AT ALL
STORES



It seems to me...

CROUCHED under an eiderdown one day last week, consoled in the knowledge that my cold was sufficiently bad to keep me out of the wild winter rain that lashed the windows, I brooded on one of my favorite theories: the desirability of hibernation.

It's a notion that occurs to me every winter, but on this dismal day, with gas pipes dead as the dodo, it suddenly assumed a fresh importance.

In one feverish flash, as the fumes of hot lemon and aspirin eddied round, I suddenly saw it as the entire solution to our economic troubles.

If everyone went to sleep for most of the winter, look how the need for goods and transport would diminish.

There's a difficulty in the fact that we'd be earning no money, but perhaps, until evolution took care of our habits and allowed us to sleep without waking from May to the end of August, we might work a couple of days a week.

Later we could, like the squirrels, lay up a supply of tea, biscuits, and bedsocks to see us through. Bears, I think, don't eat at all while hibernating.

A horrid thought struck me at that point. People may still want to read, in which case they might want newspapers.

Nonsense, I thought; they could make do with books of comic strips and the classics.

After which, swallowing two more aspirins, I pulled the eiderdown once more over my head and slept peacefully.

THE need for the measures suggested above will soon be over for another year. I smelt the summer last week.

Don't shudder disbelievingly into your furs. Whereas you see the approach of winter (pink-and-blue borders round the twilight horizon), the summer always announces itself long in advance by a scent on the evening wind.

Whether it's wattle, borne over the suburbs into the city, or merely rubbish being burned-off in a backyard, or a warm current of salt air blown from over the ocean, it's a perfume that lifts the spirits.

It surprises me that those retired colonels who keep up such a relentless correspondence to "The Times" in England about the first cuckoo haven't thought of writing letters announcing the first scent of summer.

A LETTER of intimidating fatness arrived last week from North Queensland.

It came from a stage and boxing promoter, on tour with a team of boxers. He claims to know little about women, for some reason thinks I am an authority on their behaviour, and with the help of the boys has compiled 20 questions.

Some of them are outside my scope, such as: "How many women, if they won first prize in a lottery, would clear off and leave their husbands?"

You'd need a husband and £8000 to answer that one.

There are a couple of curly ones. For example: "Do women ever feel like paying a cafe bill or buying theatre tickets, seeing many of them now get wages equal to men?"

The first question is, however, quite simple: "Is it hard to walk in high-heeled shoes?"

The answer is "Yes, but we learn to do it, just as we learn so many other clever things such as becoming accustomed to the inexplicable ways of that equally mysterious body of people, men."

The Australian Women's Weekly—August 13, 1949

By



Dorothy Drain

MAKING solemn rules for the conduct of warfare always seems one of the more foolish of the many ludicrous acts of mankind.

A diplomatic conference of 60 nations has been rewriting the Geneva war conventions.

A proposal was put forward at this conference by the Soviet (and rejected) that nations should be allowed to use prisoners of war to remove unexploded mines and bombs.

Heaven knows the fact that the Geneva Convention was observed by some countries in the last war made the lives of some prisoners of war less intolerable than they might have been. But other nations, such as Japan, ignored the Convention.

The sad fact is that modern warfare spares no one, from babies in arms to the aged and infirm. The realities of its ruthlessness are known to all.

Yet at present, in what passes for peace, men of the world's nations seriously debate rules for its conduct—as if, indeed, it were some sporting contest.

THAT mistake when the band played the wrong national anthem for the visiting Yugoslav footballers shows how important it is nowadays for everyone to be well apprised of international affairs.

It makes life so difficult! A bandsman spends so much time practising "Old Comrades" and "Colonel Bogey" that he has little attention to spare for the vicissitudes of politics.

Having his heart in his music, he may even subscribe to the old-fashioned view that music, like art, is international.

These days, of course, it is divided into International and Internationale, as Shostakovich would be the first to tell you.

Visiting sportsmen might save a lot of embarrassment if they sent ahead of them copies of the latest anthems and approved folk songs.

ANNIVERSARY of the end of the Pacific War falls this week. Curiously, such days are always less remembered than gloomier dates.

You might ask half a dozen people and find only a couple who remember the precise date—August 15. Even fewer can give the date of VE-Day.

But ask them the dates of the outbreak of the second world war, of Pearl Harbor, and even of the first world war, and most people can give the answers pat.

It's natural enough. When disaster is at hand, we hope against hope that it will be averted. The day it finally descends is engraved all the deeper in our memories.

But good news spreads itself gently in retrospect over the days of anticipation and fulfilment.

THE Nuffield Foundation will advance £4000 for an experiment to discover, by using octopuses, how learning is stored in the human brain.

*The little octopus has arms
And a baleful, glaring eye,
He neither forages nor farms,
But eats the passers-by.*

*He lurks 'neath ledges by the sea,
To work he never deigns,
It thus gives no surprise to me
To learn the brute has brains.*



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YOUR LITTLE ONE gets instant comfort when VapoRub is rubbed on the chest, throat and back at bedtime. Then, minute by minute, relief grows stronger, and Baby feels better and better, because...

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Coughing soon stops...breathing becomes cool and clear...tightness and soreness are warmed away...often, by morning, the worst of the cold is over and Baby feels much better.

VICKS VAPORUB

Professor Oliphant at home

Famous scientist looks forward
to his new post at Canberra

By FRED A YOUNG, of our Adelaide staff

A notable sign that Australia is growing up is the projected return for keeps of famous atomic scientist South Australian-born Professor Marcus Oliphant, who is considering giving up his high posts in England to live here again.

In Australia on a four weeks' visit, he's liking the idea.

The only "if" about it is one of time. If the National University at Canberra is completed by 1951 so that he can take over the Directorship of the Department of Physics, then we will have our famous prize right in the bag.

"THE work I am on now will finish then," he said, "but if this University is not ready for me I shall become involved in other work which I may not be able to leave for years."

Professor Oliphant's present flying visit is made so that he can check over the site and building plans of the proposed department and to ascertain as far as he can what equipment can be made here and what must be ordered from overseas.

In England he lives a most active life. He is Professor of Physics and Vice-Principal of the Birmingham University.

"I am also very much mixed up with things other than the University," he said, "such as the economic problems of England to-day, particularly those industry is facing."

"I try to do what I can to make British industry more efficient and to increase the production flow of Great Britain so that she can earn from outside sources the food that is needed."

"I am interested in problems of defence, too, so that quite a lot of my time is spent in London as well as in Birmingham."

He agrees that he will certainly miss the constant personal contacts with the great minds of Europe.

"But I shall like living in Australia," he conceded. "I like small communities and was never happier than when I was at Cambridge. And I shall enjoy Canberra, too."

"There is a virility about Australians," he added, "that I find most attractive, and it will be great working with some of the eager and brilliant young men we will have at the new University."

"But how my son Michael is going to like being here I can't know. My wife wants to live in Australia again. She was a South Australian, but Michael is different. He was born in England and regards himself as an Englishman."

"We have built our own home, about 12 miles south of Birmingham," Professor Oliphant told me, "on the southern slopes of Lickey Hills, which overlook the Vale of Evesham."

"We bought about 2½ acres of the old Forest of Arden and cut down only enough trees to make room for the house. Consequently, we are surrounded by trees—oaks, chestnuts, elms, and beeches. This wood is a wonderful sight in spring, when it is carpeted with bluebells."

Professor Oliphant, who will be 48 next October, is a tall (6ft 1½ in), imposing-looking, middle-aged man with a fresh complexion, blue eyes behind glasses, a shock of prematurely white hair and a soft voice of slower than average tempo. He has a gift, which must be a boon to his students, of reducing the great profundities of science to simple language with a wizardly economy of words.

In describing his own work, which has put him in the forefront of world science, he said: "It is only by having a better understanding of the way nature works that we can appreciate and understand it."



PROFESSOR MARCUS OLIPHANT photographed in Adelaide with his father, Mr. H. G. Oliphant, during his rushed four weeks' visit.

"Nowadays we tackle this subject from two or three angles."

"The physical angle tackles it by experimental methods and aims to discover how matter is made, what it consists of, and how we can influence it."

"At the present moment the main line of investigation is along the inner core of the atom, called the nucleus. The atomic cell consists of a centre sun and planets. We know a lot about the properties of the atom as a whole, what makes metals metals, and so on."

"But we don't yet know what the structure of the 'sun' at its centre is. It is extremely small, one millionth of a millionth of an inch in diameter, and we can never hope to see it. But we can find out a lot about it by indirect methods. We try to infer from our results something about this little world."

Human curiosity

"MAN has always been curious about nature," he continued. "First he explored the world around him, and when he knew about his surroundings he became curious about other things, and the explorers of the past aimed to discover new lands and places."

"We know most of the facts about the face of the earth, but the region where exploration can still go on is the region inside the atom."

"Similarly, one can explore the outer space, which is what astronomers do."

To the question of when atomic energy may be used commercially the professor's reply was: "It may be 10 years. I can't say really."

Atomic knowledge is now beyond the laboratory stage, he says, and has become a technological subject.

There is a great deal of engineering research going on in Great Britain and the United States at present to work out technological problems which have to be solved before atomic energy can be available as a reliable and economical source of power.

"We could build an atomic power

SON COLLECTS BUTTERFLIES

PROFESSOR OLIPHANT, talking of his children, who are at school in England, said his son Michael, 13, attends the famous King Edward High School for Boys.

His hobby is butterfly collecting and he is also a great sport—plays football, cricket, badminton, and tennis.

The second child, Vivian, aged 11, attends the Edgbaston High School for Girls. While Michael is a chip off the old block in appearance, Vivian resembles her mother more.

station to-day, but it would be unreliable and uneconomic. It is usually 20 to 25 years before scientific discovery becomes of great commercial importance in the world," said the professor.

"This country of ours is reaching maturity, and has to begin to take a part in the intellectual affairs of man."

Professor Oliphant went to Cambridge in 1927 on a scholarship.

In 1937 he left Cambridge for the post at Birmingham, and three years later went to the U.S.A. for two and a half years while the atom bomb was being made.

It took Professor Oliphant many years of slow, inch-by-inch plodding to reach the peaks of Olympus. It was interesting, therefore, to see the speed with which he could come down to the ordinary man's domain.

When I saw him he had just arrived at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Oliphant. His mother didn't look a millionth of a millionth of an inch above five feet nothing, and his father has the same lofty stature as the son.

When the professor and I had finished being profound about atomic energy, I got myself on to more familiar territory by asking Mrs. Oliphant if she had prepared her son's favorite dish for his first lunch at home.

It was then that I saw the marathon sprint from the Olympian heights.

In a flash the intellectual giant became plain Mr. Everyman.

With a warm glance at his mother he said: "I'll tell you what I had. It was something I hadn't had for 25 years, and mother remembered how I used to like them. I had pickled grapes which mother said she had made specially for me. And I did enjoy them."

Professor Oliphant was the first born of her five sons, and Mrs. Oliphant's expressive face tells of the satisfaction it is to her that he may come back to Australia again to rejoin the large home circle.

Interesting People



MISS LORNA McCONCHIE

... physical education

TALL, slim Lorna McConchie, well-known Victorian sports woman, represented Australia at the 1949 Stockholm Lingiad, world congress of physical education, last week. She has been on the staff of Melbourne University Education Department for ten years, and went abroad in February. Has spent her time overseas studying latest physical education methods in Britain and on the Continent at schools, colleges, clinics, and universities.



MR. ROGER DOLBEY

... busman's holiday

ENGLISH Victoria League personality, with distinctive, small-pointed beard, Mr. Roger Dolbey has been having a busman's holiday, making contact with Australian branches of the organisation. Member of Colonial Committee of the League in London, he has also been visiting Malaya and Borneo to appoint League correspondents. He has gone now to Hongkong, where he pays frequent business visits.



MISS JO HATCHER

... success at eighteen

STARTING career as author and illustrator while still a schoolgirl, 18-year-old Jo Hatcher, of Buckinghamshire, spent two years, and filled 12 exercise books, writing "A Chicken for Christmas," a best-seller among children's books published in England this year. "I wrote in the evenings and when I should have been doing my homework," she said. "Now I want to go on writing and illustrating books as a proper job." Jo is a real country girl. She enjoys hiking, swimming, boating, tobogganing, skating, and riding.

The Lonesome Bear

Continued from page 5

MISS BARNES got up and went into the inside office, looking cautiously at the bear over her shoulder. After a while the door of the inner office opened a crack and Mr. Gordon, the town clerk, peeped out. He finally pushed the door wide open. Three or four other people stood behind him and stared at the bear.

"Do you really mean to keep this animal in your home as a pet?" Mr. Gordon asked my father.

"He's a civilised bear," said my father, a little annoyed. "He's lots more trustworthy than some dogs I know of. You can get a dog licensed. Why can't you license a bear?"

"You're setting a dangerous precedent," said Mr. Gordon. "Next people will be wanting to license wildcats and wolves."

"He eats marshmallows," I said.

Mr. Gordon was peering at the bear. "There are no regulations governing this situation. There may be a State law which applies. I'll have to write to the capital. In the meantime you will be solely responsible for the bear's behaviour, or he will have to be shot as being hazardous to the public welfare."

My father seemed annoyed as we left the courthouse. He sat down on the bottom step and the bear and I sat beside him.

"Son, a man could come up right now, as things stand, murder this bear and the State would pay him money," said my father.

My mother didn't care for the bear. She would never permit me to bring the bear as far as the back porch. My brother George soon lost interest in the animal, but my father usually brought marshmallows home from his general store.

Sometimes my father would sit on the back-porch steps, play his ukulele and sing, while the bear sat in front of him and listened. Nothing could distract the bear's attention while my father was singing.

During the day, while my father was at work in his store and my brother George and I were at school, the bear was tethered to one of the apple trees by a long rope attached to the leather collar my father bought for him.

"We'll tie him close enough to the house so he won't get lonesome," my father told me.

The bear slept much of the time on the lower branches of the apple trees, or tumbled about on the ground, or ate the apples he could shake to the ground by hugging the tree trunks with his forepaws.

The town's sheriff, Samuel Jones, who lived next door to us, knocked on our door one morning while we were eating breakfast. He was breathing heavily.

"Look, Stephen," he said to my father, "you've got to get rid of that bear. You haven't a licence for him and I've got to insist. Do you know where he is right now?"

"In the ice-house," said my father, looking worried.

"He's sitting in the back seat of my car," said the sheriff. "He won't get out. He must have opened the door himself."

My father and I followed the sheriff next door. The bear had his head and forepaws protruding from a side window of the car, opposite the opened door.

"Go and get the marshmallows, son," said my father quietly.

"Yes, sir," I said.

When the bear saw the marshmallows he climbed out of the sheriff's car and sniffed at the box in my hand.

"I have enough to worry about without a bear loose in town, scaring people and maybe taking a swipe at children," said the sheriff.

"He's a good bear," said my father.

"Just let him pull one funny move and I'll have him shot," said Sheriff Jones. "You'll have to get rid of him anyway. You've heard about the bank robberies that have taken place north of here. We're expecting them to take a crack at the Farmers' Trust here any day now, and if I have to do any chasing of bank robbers I don't want a

bear in my back seat breathing down my neck."

"We'll take him back to the woods this Saturday and lose him," said my father a little sadly.

"He'll be happier there," said my mother when we told her. She seemed cheerful about it. "It isn't really right to keep the poor animal in captivity, anyway."

When Saturday came my father got fishing rods out of the attic while I dug worms in the back yard. The bear made happy woofing sounds in his throat when we opened the rear door of the car for him.

"He likes to ride in cars, I guess," said my father thoughtfully.

"He'll never be able to ride in cars if we leave him in the woods," I said.

"He won't mind," said my father. "He'll forget."

We drove some miles out of town, left the car on a dirt road, then walked several miles into the forest, the bear traipsing silently behind us. He gave no obvious acknowledgment of any change in environment. We fished for trout all that day in a clear-water stream while the bear sat and watched us. At noon we ate lunch and gave the bear some meat bones.

"A wild bear would crouch on the bank of that stream and knock trout out of it with his paw," said my father. "This is the most helpless animal I ever saw."

"Maybe he doesn't like fish," I said. "Maybe all he can eat now will be meat bones, potatoes and marshmallows. Maybe he'll starve out here."

"No, he won't," said my father, eating a devilled-ham sandwich and looking at the bear. "He can eat berries and nuts like other bears."

"He likes music," I said. "He likes to hear you sing."

"The woods are full of birds that sing," said my father.

"They can't play the ukulele," I said.

"There are times when I wish you wouldn't talk to me," my father said. "I think you take after your mother at times. Please be quiet."

"Yes, sir," I said.

We fished for a while longer in the afternoon and the bear became tired of watching and wandered away into the woods.

"You mustn't feel badly about the bear, son," my father said, as we carried the fish baskets and rods back through the trees. He blew his nose in a large linen handkerchief.

"We didn't say good-bye to him," I said.

"It's probably better that way," my father said.

It was dusk when we reached the car and started for home. Neither of us spoke for a while. When we were back on the main road, the lights of a car behind us threw a silhouette of a bear's head on the inside of our windshield.

"Is the bear in the back seat, son?" my father asked quietly.

I turned and looked at the bear in the back seat. He sat with his back to us, looking out the rear window.

My mother looked herself in her room all the next day.

"I don't know why our home has to be turned into a zoo," she told my father tearfully.

"The circus will be passing through here in a few days," my father reassured her. "They'll be glad to have a tame bear."

The bear and I waited on the back steps that evening for my father to come out and sing, but he never did.

Please turn to page 28

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2,000 to 4,000 words; articles up to 1,000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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ANACIN

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IN late June the circus was playing in our town on its way north and my father wired the manager that he might have the bear if he called for it. One afternoon, a few days later, a man drove up in front of our house in a coupe with a large wire cage protruding from the half-opened trunk. I brought the bear around from the ice-house. The man looked at the bear.

"I knew it was Henry," he said. "Is that the bear's name?" I asked. "We lost him last summer up this way," the man explained. "He must have hibernated in the woods." "He eats marshmallows," I said. "I used to be jelly beans," the man said. "He's the most temperamental animal I ever saw. He wouldn't eat anything unless we gave him jelly beans first. I wish we hadn't found him. He's such a nuisance."

He raised the gate of the cage and sprinkled a few jelly beans from his pocket on the floor of the cage. "Let's go, Henry," he said. I watched the bear amble inside the cage and begin chewing the jelly beans. The man closed the gate after him.

"He likes to ride in cars," I said, looking at the bear through the wire.

"I know," the man answered. "That's all we could get him to do, ride in the back of an old jalopy that two clowns drove around the ring. He's the most useless bear I ever saw. He wouldn't learn to ride bicycles, or roller-skate, and he ran away when we tried to teach him to dance. We were all glad."

The man sighed and got into the car.

"Thank your folks for taking care of him, kid," the man said sadly.

"Yes, sir," I said. He drove away with the brown bear sitting in the wire cage chewing jelly beans.

It was the first year my family didn't go to see the circus. My brother George threatened to run away from home, but my mother said she couldn't stand to look at another animal, and my father said he supposed it would make the bear unhappy if he saw us.

"He rides in the back of an old car that two clowns drive," I told my father.

"He's probably very happy, then," said my father, patting me on the head. It was several weeks before he played his ukulele and sang on the steps of the back porch.

The Lonesome Bear

Continued from page 27

One morning my father was awakened by somebody throwing pebbles at his bedroom window. He got out of bed and went to the window. It was the hired girl. She told my father she didn't dare to come into the house because a bear was sitting on the front porch in front of the door. I followed my father downstairs and we looked at the bear through the living-room window.

"Look at the dust on his fur," said my father. "He must have walked twenty miles."

"Maybe he's mad at us for giving him to the circus," I said.

"No," my father replied. "He just got homesick for us."

I led the bear around to the ice-house and locked him in. When I got back my father was strumming on his ukulele.

"Son, Judge Holt told me he heard that there's no legal protection for bears as pets," my father said. "I don't know what we'll do with him. We certainly can't keep him. Sheriff Jones and your mother just wouldn't stand for it."

My father went to work without telling my mother the bear was back, and it was about ten o'clock that morning when I discovered the bear had got out of the ice-house. I searched the orchard and finally started downtown to the store to tell my father.

A block from the Farmers' Trust Building I saw the bear trudge out of an alley and climb into the front seat of a long black car that was standing in front of the bank, its motor idling and the front door open. From the front seat the bear pushed himself over into the back and sat on the floor. I was looking at him through the car window when two men carrying guns and cloth sacks came running out of the bank and leaped into the car.

"The bear's in there," I told them, pointing.

The men didn't hear me, apparently. They slouched in the front seat and the car roared away just as the burglar alarm went off outside the bank. In a few minutes I saw Sheriff Jones' car and two others filled with deputies race down Main Street in the direction the long black car had taken.

My father was in the office of his store, sitting at his roller-top desk. "The bear got in a car and the people drove away and didn't see him," I told him.

My father buried his face in his hands.

"Son," he said after a while, "this is the end. Those poor innocent people will find a bear in their car, not know he is a tame bear, go off the road and kill themselves. The bear will be shot, if he gets out alive, and I'll be put in gaol."

"Sheriff Jones is chasing the bear," I said, but my father didn't seem to hear.

We drove slowly home. He asked me not to talk to him for a while and I promised I wouldn't. A group of people were standing on the lawn in front of our house when we drove up.

"The bear is sitting in Sheriff Jones' car," I said.

"Those bank robbers didn't even get out of town," the sheriff told my father happily when we joined him.

"The driver spotted that bear of yours in the rearview mirror, sitting on the back seat. They went over the edge of the culvert at the bot-

tom of Mill Hill. Took them both without firing a shot. They're in the prison hospital."

My father sat down on the front steps to think.

"The bear likes to ride in cars," I said.

"He didn't get hurt a bit," said the sheriff. "We're going to give him part of the reward."

Several children gathered around the sheriff's car to look at the bear that had helped capture the bank robbers. The bear yawned and went to sleep on the back seat.

"He came back from the circus," I said, "but we can't keep him."

"I saw Judge Holt at the prison hospital," Sheriff Jones continued, sitting on the steps beside my father. "The judge doesn't see why the town can't give this bear a special licence."

"By George!" said my father. "That's good of the judge. He's a good bear. We won't let him get loose again."

I shook the bear awake and led him back to the ice-house.

My mother was in a pleasant mood at supper that evening.

"With the money the sheriff is giving the bear," she said, "I think it would be a nice thing to build a comfortable enclosure for the animal at the back of the orchard, with a little house for a shelter."

"We can buy him lots of marshmallows," I said.

"We might screen in the back porch too," my mother added. "I've always wanted that done."

After supper the bear and I sat down on the steps of the back porch. After a while my father came out, carrying his ukulele. He patted the bear on the head.

"Son, to-morrow we'll get the bear a new collar with a shiny metal licence tag," my father said.

"What will we do with him when winter comes?" I asked.

"He can sleep in the ice-house," said my father. "It will be dark and quiet in there. The township is very proud of this bear and we must take good care of him."

"Yes, sir," I said.

Then my father began singing "Oh, Dear, Are You Lonesome Tonight?" while the bear and I sat and listened to him. My father had a pleasant voice to listen to, and I always knew he was happy when he sang.

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Note: Fibrositis is a disease related to Rheumatism, but is usually much more painful and requires a special treatment such as Romind.

Romind

JOE BROAG went down, on his face, with his arms stretched out above his head. Agatha was shouting with the rest, and pounding Jack's shoulder with her fist. The referee finished the count and dropped to his knees on the canvas to remove Broag's mouthpiece. He was still unconscious.

In all the noise Agatha heard the fat man say with disgust, "He had his eyes behind his head," and she knew what it meant. It meant that Lefty had a good second in his corner.

It meant that Oscar had told him to watch for that feint, and meet it with a feint, then counter the hook with his overhand right.

They had carried Joe Broag to his corner, where a crowd of standing men morbidly watched the efforts to revive him. Lefty's arm had been raised, and he had made his gestures of triumph to the crowd. Then Oscar was there in the ring, putting Lefty's robe around his shoulders and leading him away.

The crowd began to file out, and Jack said, taking her elbow, "He's good, Agatha. He's better than I thought." And Oscar is a good man in his corner. Oscar figured that one out.

"Yes," Agatha said. "Oscar said Broag was pretty proud of his left hook. This calls for a celebration. We'll have to go to Leo's Place. There'll be a Roman triumph there."

She was right. The celebration was well under way when they reached the Eighth Avenue bar, and when they entered everyone grinned and yelled and Walter said, "You looked great on television, Aggie. I poured that one on the house, like you said."

They were all talking about the fight, and they all agreed that Lefty had never looked better. There was a rush to the door when Lefty appeared with Oscar half an hour later, and Lefty bobbed his head shyly and grinned.

Lefty had a ginger ale at the bar, standing beside Agatha, and he murmured to her: "Aggie, we're set. We're gonna go places."

"You bet we are," Agatha said. Oscar, who was helping behind the bar, heard and said, "We're going home in about ten minutes, Lefty," and ten minutes later he got Lefty out of Leo's Place, showing well-wishers aside.

After they had gone there was a let-down atmosphere in the bar. Agatha suddenly felt exhausted.

"I guess it's been a strain," she said to Jack. "I didn't know it until now, but I feel really whipped down." Seeing his resigned smile she cried, "Oh, I'm not pulling a headache again."

"It's all right," he said patiently. "I'll take you home."

As the cab crossed to the East Side, Agatha found herself waiting again for Jack to make some sort of move, but he only took out a packet of cigarettes, passed her one, and struck a light for them both.

He smoked in silence and apparent contentment, and if he had any intention of paying his respects to the institution of the taxi-cab kiss, or for that matter the desire, he gave no sign of it.

When the cab reached Park Avenue she murmured, "You're not angry, are you?"

"No. Why?"

"I mean about my fading out on you again."

"Oh, no," he said. "Of course not."

"I'll go in training," Agatha said. "I promise I'll be bursting with vitality for the ballet."

"Fine," he said, dryly. "I'll expect it, then."

He kept the cab waiting again when they reached the Westbrook, and saw her to the elevator. As she went to bed that night Agatha felt like a witness who had primed herself for cross-examination, and had not been asked the pertinent questions. She felt let down.

The next morning Agatha had all the papers sent up to her room and read the sports pages as she sat by the window over her coffee. She was disappointed.

She had expected some sort of streamer headline, but there were only brief accounts of the fight, all of which stressed the fact that the promising Joe Broag had been upset rather than that Lefty Langan had shown sensational form.

The telephone rang before she had finished dressing, and it was

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 7

Walter, calling from Leo's Place. "Aggie, I got a mess here," he said. "Reporters are here. Photographers. They found out about you managing a fighter and running a bar, and they want to put a story in the paper. They want you and Lefty Langan."

"I'll come down right away," Walter, she said. "You telephone Oscar and tell him to bring Lefty over."

She chose another dress and spent some time over her hair, but Oscar and Lefty still had not arrived when Agatha went out for her cab. But the photographers were waiting with their flash-blubs mounted.

They posed her at the entrance to the bar, under the neon sign, and then Lefty arrived with Oscar. More pictures were taken.

In the midst of it Lucille walked in with her Scotty on leash, and Agatha seized her eagerly. "Lucille, come get in the picture. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Langan's best girl, Lucille Long. Don't you want her picture?"

The photographers said they did, and Lucille showed no more interest than if someone had asked for a cup of coffee at the counter. One of the reporters said to Agatha: "I don't know who dreamed this up, but it's a natural."

"Nobody dreamed it up," Agatha said.

The interview had run its course, and Agatha went back to her office to escape further random questioning. It was the first time she had inspected the office since the work had been completed, and she found it comfortable and almost roomy.

She sat down at the desk, opened the top drawer, and looked at the accumulation of bills. It was time, she thought, that she gave some attention to the operation of Leo's Place.

OSCAR opened the door of the office and said: "This is gonna help us, Aggie. We'll get the matches we want after this."

"Yes," Agatha said. "I hope they don't lay it on too thick." She felt restless, and made a decision on the spot. "I'm going back to Menasset for the week-end, Oscar. And, Oscar, I wonder if you could get hold of Mr. Franklin for me. I think I ought to go over the books with him."

While Oscar telephoned Tony Franklin, Lefty came back for a farewell handshake. His bright eyes probed hers, but all he said was, "See you Monday."

Agatha passed the afternoon in the office with Tony Franklin, and when she was through she had learned the rudiments of cost accounting.

She knew what rye cost whole-sale, and how many drinks could be poured from a quart; and she went over electric bills and laundry and ice and grocery bills, and when they had all been added up and charged off against receipts there was a tidy profit.

The bar was clearing a little more than the hundred Tony had predicted, in spite of the extra barman, and in spite of the fact that, at Agatha's insistence, Oscar Gumper was still paid his salary by Leo's Place.

Agatha told Tony Franklin that she was allocating the profit from the bar temporarily to her other project, the development of Lefty Langan, and told him that when she returned from Menasset she would bring the ledger in which she had entered all training expenses.

Agatha retained her room in the hotel, and left her things there. She took a cab from the bar straight to the station and caught the three-o'clock by an eyelash.

Next morning, with the New York papers spread before them, Agatha and Gwen read the feature stories about Agatha Christopher, "socially prominent," who had inherited a bar-room and a fighter, and had made her debut in the fight racket.

There were several photographs, but most of the shots had been discarded except those showing her with Lefty Langan. Lucille had not got into the papers.

The telephone began ringing early. Menasset was arog. Two nights before Agatha had been seen on television, and the following news stories left nothing else to talk about in town but Agatha Christopher and the boy who played

up at her place, the "pug" from New York.

Agatha had come home from New York to escape the nervous pressure that had disturbed her there, and now she was just as eager to leave Menasset behind her and return to the city. After the first half-dozen calls, Gwen said thoughtfully, "It's about time I went to New York on a shopping spree. Winter's on the way, and I don't have a thing."

"Then come to town with me tomorrow," Agatha said. "Let's shop."

Gwen took the train with Agatha and managed a room on the same floor in the Hotel Westbrook. But when she was checking over the department store advertisements in the morning papers, Agatha said, "Before we go shopping, Mother, I have business. Lefty is starting his workouts in Skelly's gym. Want to come?"

"I think it's a good idea," Gwen said.

When they arrived Oscar was already there, and came over to make them feel at home.

"The boy's working on the heavy bag," he said. "He'll be down in a minute to box three rounds. The Kid's here to spar with him, and the Kid will make him look good."

Agatha and Gwen found chairs in the last row, and they watched the sparring in the ring directly in front of them. Oscar went off up the iron stairs to the balcony, and returned with Lefty. He wore a white sweat-shirt and red trunks, and danced about the ring, shadow-sparring.

A voice on the loud-speaker said, "In ring number one, the boy in the white shirt, Lefty Langan, boxing Kid Dalton."

Agatha heard a murmur in the gymnasium, and here and there a laugh, then she was aware that many eyes were turned her way.

A small man with a very new hat approached her and she recognized Benny Small, Lefty's former manager. With him was a man only an inch or so taller than Benny. His sandy moustache had waxed points.

"Hello, Miss Christopher," Benny said. "I want to present Monte Wharton."

"I read the papers yesterday, Miss Christopher," Monte Wharton said. "It was good stuff. You're doing fine with the boy. I'll see he gets some good fights."

Agatha said, "Are you a promoter?"

Monte Wharton smiled and shook his head. His lips were thin, and disclosed small, even teeth when he smiled. Benny said soberly, "Monte's got connections, Miss Christopher. He says the word. Lefty will be okay."

Monte Wharton smiled again. "I like to see a good boy come along, Miss Christopher." He bowed his head slightly. "Glad to meet you."

They walked away and Gwen said, "Who are those odd little men?"

"One of them is Benny Small, who used to be Lefty's manager," Agatha said. "You know as much about the other one as I do."

She turned her attention to the ring, watching Lefty spar with Kid Dalton. The Kid kept boring in, leading with a straight left that gave Lefty a chance to slip inside and work his right-cross.

At the end of the three rounds, after Lefty had been sent off to the shower, Oscar came over.

"Keep your fingers crossed, Aggie," he said. "We got a chance for a Garden fight, with Lippy Hardner. Remember, the guy who lost that split decision to Eddie Manolo? First we got to knock off some middleweights in the lower brackets. We're taking on a boy named Sammy Ventura at St. Nick's next Monday."

He bent closer to Agatha. "What did that Monte Wharton character want?"

"Nothing at all," Agatha said. "But he did volunteer to help Lefty get some good bouts."

"Oh, he did?" Oscar was frowning.

"Who is he, Oscar?"

"Monte Wharton is a big-shot gambler. They call him Three-card Monte Wharton. He's one of the West Side crowd."

"Well," Agatha said, "he'd better bet on Lefty."

Oscar grinned, but his eyes were not smiling.

Please turn to page 32

Yours faithfully

by **MARTIN WISDOM**



STITCH IN TIME

Old Peter Jay's fields were emerald green. "He'll be happy," I thought as I knocked on the farm-house door. Not so, Peter produced his new fire policy.

"Martin, why can't you blokes print these things in simple language?" he growled. "I can't follow all these legal 'whoisits'."

I laughed. "Peter," I said, "we'd love to—but an insurance policy is a legal document just as your will or your mortgage is. These legal clauses protect you as much as they protect us. Nevertheless we are constantly seeking greater simplicity—your fire policy was twice as wordy a couple of years ago."

When I left him half an hour later Peter was quite happy. I'd answered all his queries and the "whoisits" no longer puzzled him.

It is important to company and client alike that policyholders should understand the protection and security afforded by their insurance policies. If you are not clear about yours—consult your company now.

Martin Wisdom

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PATSY BYRD, Australian and New South Wales woman champion for 1949, shoulders her skis and stocks after winning a race.



SNOW FLIES as Ken Breakspear, leading langlaufer (cross-country skier), comes over top. Was second in N.S.W. Langlauf. **VICTORIAN RACER**, tania turn near start th



Thrilling snow sports a

★ Each year when winter turns the Australian Alps into a vast playground, more ski-minded people make a pilgrimage to the snow, and accommodation is crowded to the last sleeping-bag again this year.

These photographs show some of Australia's top skiers in action during the 1949 championship races at Kosciusko. Some will compete in the Australian Men's Championships in Tasmania this month and will represent Australia in New Zealand in September.

An international atmosphere marked the races this year. Norwegian, Swedish, Austrian, and Czechoslovakian skiers now living in Australia took part. These pictures are by staff photographer Ron Berg.



WELL-KNOWN RACER, Bruce McFadyen, sprung on the crest of a steep slope. He

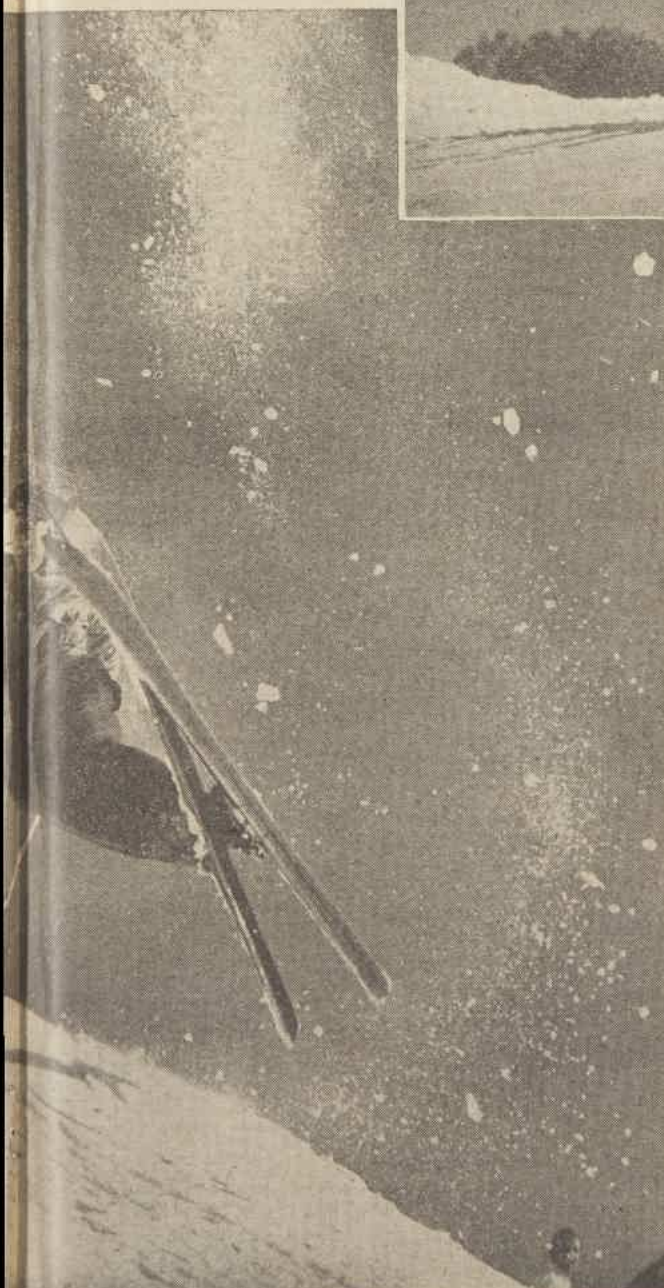


SUSPENSE IN MID-AIR for Bruce Haslingden as he jumps over cornice and struggles to straighten his skis to make landing in soft snow while practising for N.S.W. Championships at Kosciusko. He ran third in Langlauf Championship.



Margaret O'Loughlin, finishes a fast Christmas Slalom Handicap race at Kosciusko.

Kosciusko



...throws a cloud of snow into the air as he makes a spectacular gate-land jump. He will compete in the Australian Championships in Tasmania this month.



THRILLING FLIGHT for three overseas skiers, Jack Solar, George Tacheci, and Roy Lehaugh, as they reach speed of 30 miles an hour to jump over cornice while practising for races.



BERYL LAMBLE swings a Christania turn through flags during the N.S.W. Women's Slalom Handicap race. Beryl is daughter of former director of the Tourist Bureau (Mr. H. J. Lambie).



FAST DOWNHILL RUN for George Day, who recently won 1949 N.S.W. Championship at Kosciusko. Former Australian Champion, he is also holder of N.S.W. Downhill title.

Do Johnnie's Antrums cause his Tantrums?



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LEO'S PLACE had never been so crowded as it was that night, and there were only a few familiar faces. Tony Franklin was there, with the thin, pinched look of a man whose figures had not balanced, and he was crowded into a corner with fat Si Kraft, who also had a sour expression. Oscar was helping Billy Walsh behind the bar.

"Agatha," Jack Barlow said, "you see what's happened? Strictly from up town. Look over there. Mink! Bet you it's the first mink in Leo's Place."

As he brought out a table for them and took their order, Walter said: "There's a guy here wants to talk to you, Aggie. A newspaper columnist, Billy Baer. Want I should bring him over?"

Billy Baer was the escort of the girl with the mink. A ponderous man with an engaging grin and a whispering voice, he sat next to Agatha for five minutes, asking soft questions and scribbling answers in a small notebook.

When he had gone, Jack said: "Agatha, you know what you are now? You're safe-society. You're an item."

"I suppose so," Agatha said. "With man-about-town Jack Barlow," he said. "Better not happen too often, or it will be, is Amazon Aggie that way about J.B.? Or vice versa?"

"Vice versa will have to speak for himself," Agatha said. He grinned and said: "Or maybe it will turn up a little nastier. Something like Does Aggie's right hand know what her Lefty is doing?"

Agatha flushed and said angrily: "Does J.B. know he's trying to needle me?" "Sorry," Jack said. "But that's how it will be."

Agatha was still angry. "I think I can handle such matters when the time comes." Resentments she had not even suspected flared up. "You thumb a ride," she said, "and you're like a snug, superior hitch-hiker who complains that the engine isn't running right, and the car is going a little too fast for safety. It's my car, and I'm going to drive it how I please."

Her face was hot and her voice had risen. Heads were turned in their direction, and she glanced down at the tablecloth. At her elbow Walter's gruff voice said: "Get you something, Aggie?"

"No," said Agatha. "No, thanks. We're going." She got to her feet and went quickly to the door, without saying good-bye to Walter or Oscar.

There was a taxicab at the kerb and she opened the door and was getting in when Jack came up behind her. He held the door open as she was about to slam it, then pushed his way in beside her.

"I forgot about your temper," he said. "Hotel Westbrook, driver."

"Don't forget it again," Agatha said. She was beginning to feel ashamed of her outburst. At last Jack said, "I hadn't thought about my attitude, Agatha, but certainly it isn't superior. Whatever my manner is, I can't help it. I suppose I'm a hitch-hiker all right. You came into my office that day and I hitched a ride. I've been hanging on by my fingernails."

She turned her head and saw his face, very white, as the cab passed a street lamp.

"The truth is, Agatha, I'm jealous," he said. "I'm jealous of Lefty Langan."

Agatha said, "That's ridiculous!" "All right, it's ridiculous," he said. "But I can't help it. You've made a dent in me. Agatha, but I haven't been able to make the slightest impression on you."

"You have no right to be jealous of anyone," Agatha said.

"That's right," he said. "I haven't. But when a man tries to get his hands on something, and it slips through his fingers, he's going to feel something. He can't help that. Suddenly he laughed and said, "We're not getting anywhere, are we?"

The laugh was genuine. It was neither bitter nor affected, and Agatha looked at him, for a moment suspecting that she had encountered some new tangent in a male on the make. But at once she decided it was not that. She decided that Jack was a simple, honest person and that possibly she had hurt him.

She said softly, "Maybe we did get somewhere. Maybe we understand each other a little better."

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 29

"Maybe," he said. "Maybe you understand me, but I certainly don't understand you."

Agatha laughed this time, and he joined in, and her temper was gone. His hand took hers, and his fingers pressed, neither insistently nor subtly—just a medium, honest pressure.

"Agatha, I'm not exactly the type of man who asks permission," he said, "but I'm going to kiss you."

The result was not the casual gesture Agatha had half-expected. His arms were a firm cradle and his lips pressed down on hers with urgency. Her own response brought a little shock to Agatha, and she realised as she moved away from him that the cab had stopped and the driver had twice said, "Hotel Westbrook."

Agatha had her compact out, not looking at him, and made a dab with the rim of her handkerchief. She drew in a deep breath, murmured, "I was beginning to think something was wrong with me."

"I hope I reassured you," he said. She slipped out of the cab and ran into the lobby before he could follow.

In her room, Agatha turned on the lights, put her handbag and key down on the bureau, and dropped beside them a slip of paper the clerk had given her. She did not look at it immediately. She turned and moved over toward the window, opened it wide.

That kiss in the taxicab had taken her completely by surprise. She had invited it, of course, but the invitation had not been intended to include this emotional disturbance.

SHE did not want emotional disturbances, Agatha told herself. But the image of his pale, lean face was still in her mind, and the nervous movement of his long, thin hands, and her heart was touched by his shy, appealing manner. But on no account, she told herself firmly, was she going to fall in love.

She strode quickly across the room to find a cigarette in her handbag, and as she opened it she noticed the slip of paper the clerk had given her. It was a message to call Benny Small. She picked up the telephone.

The phone rang a number of times, and Agatha was on the point of hanging up when she heard a click and a sleepy voice saying, "Hello."

"Mr. Small?"

"That's right." "This is Agatha Christopher. I know it's pretty late, but you called me, and I thought it might be important."

"Yeah," Benny Small said. "I called Leo's Place and they told me you were at the Westbrook. There was something I wanted to tell you, Miss Christopher. Remember the my I introduced to you—Monte Wharton?"

"The gambler?" Agatha said. "Yes."

"You got him right," Benny said. "What I wanted to tell you, Miss Christopher, you got to make your reports to him."

"I've got to what?" Agatha cried. "What I mean is, Miss Monte owns that cut of Lefty Langan. That ten per cent. I held out, I held it out because I'd already let Monte have that cut. See?"

Agatha said, "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"It's this way, Miss Christopher. Monte done me a favor, and I let him have that ten per cent. That kind of thing goes on all the time. I guess Monte will be getting in touch with you one of these days, if Lefty still goes good. I just wanted you to know."

"Thanks," Agatha said. "It's only ten per cent.," Benny said. "You're lucky. He's got bigger cuts of other boys. Twenty-five per cent. of Eddie Manolo, they tell me. So what's ten per cent.," Miss Christopher? It won't hurt your pocket-book."

"Thanks for telling me, Mr. Small," Agatha said. "Good-night."

Agatha replaced the receiver, and the bleak impersonality of the hotel room seemed suddenly to swallow her up, and she felt an oppressive sense of loneliness. She had stepped gaily into a little puddle and had gone down neck-deep in a morass. She could not shake off the

anxiety that Benny Small's call had caused. She thought again of Jack Barlow, and with an urgent need of his advice she picked up the telephone and called his number. The sound of his voice was cheerful and reassuring.

"Jack, I'm worried," Agatha said. "I just had a call from Benny Small, who used to be Lefty's manager. Do you know who owns that ten per cent. of Lefty Langan? Monte Wharton! A gambler from the West Side crowd," Oscar said.

She drew in a deep breath. "Jack, I don't like it."

There was a pause, then he said, matter-of-factly, "I don't think you need be alarmed. After all, Agatha, I can't see how a share in a club fighter could interest a gambler very much. On the record, Lefty's not much, you know. He's got nothing to excite a big-time gambler."

Agatha had called him for comfort and advice, and quite inexplicably they were arguing about the merits of Lefty Langan in the prize ring. She said, fiercely, "He's got enough to excite me. I think he's going to be middleweight champion of the world."

"My suggestion is that you buy that interest from Monte Wharton. I think he'd let you have it for a couple of hundred, but if he won't, why worry? If Lefty gets to be middleweight champion, then you can worry."

"Oh, your advice!" Agatha cried and slammed the receiver on the hook.

A moment later she laughed. It had been a ridiculous scene, with no cause whatsoever for anger. There was a fundamental conflict, within herself, and between herself and Jack, that brought these sudden angers and resentments.

But at least she felt better, and was no longer enclosed and frightened in the hotel room. Jack was right; she had only to buy back Monte Wharton's interest. There was nothing sinister about it. She laughed again, soft laughter this time, and went to bed.

Yet her sleep that night was fitful, and the next morning she telephoned Oscar and asked him to meet her at Leo's Place.

They talked in Agatha's office. It had a stale smell from the kitchen that morning, and Agatha felt confined. There was an emptiness in her as she told Oscar about the telephone call from Benny Small.

"I had an idea it was something like that," Oscar said unemotionally. "I'd say just keep our mouths shut and play them close to our chest, Aggie. We don't want to fool around with that crowd."

Agatha pressed her lips tightly together. "Oscar, I certainly don't want that little man as a partner, and I think we should buy that interest from him. How do we get in touch with him? Does he have an office?"

Oscar grinned. "There's a way to get in touch with him," he said. "I'll call Si Kraft."

He pulled the telephone over, dialled a number, and jotted down a telephone number Si gave him. He hung up, and passed the sheet of paper with the number on it to Agatha. Without a word she dialled the number.

She had to explain to a low-pitched voice at the other end that she was Agatha Christopher, telephoning about the prize-fighter Lefty Langan, before Monte Wharton came to the telephone.

"Hello, there, Miss Christopher," he said. "I see you made a match with Sammy Ventura."

"I understand you own that ten per cent. of my fighter," Agatha said. There was an instant's hesitation, then Monte said, "That's right, I do."

"You worry me, Mr. Wharton," Agatha said. "I'm afraid you're just one too many cooks, and I want to buy that share. After all, Oscar Gumper and I are managing Lefty Langan, and we want to do it our way. You see?"

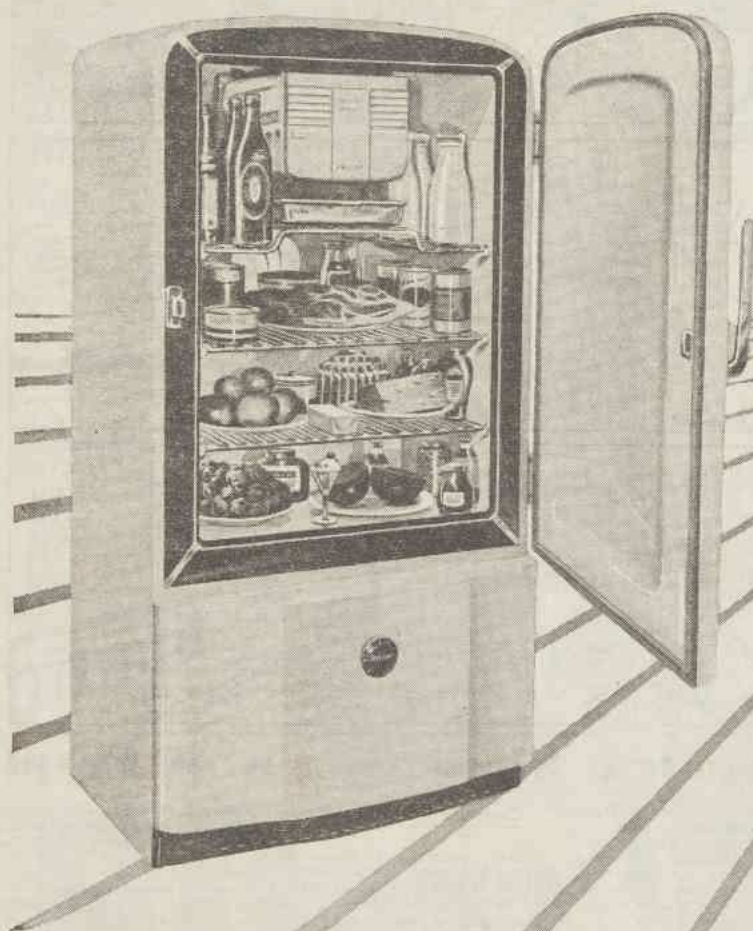
"You're doing fine with the boy," Monte said. "Go right ahead. I'll keep my hands off, Miss Christopher. I just own a souvenir. I want to keep it."

Agatha said, "Then you won't sell?" A flinty note came into Monte Wharton's voice. All he said was, "Nope," but the flatness of it convinced Agatha that there was no use arguing about it.

To be continued

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WHY BEDS? CAN'T YOU JUST PUT MATTRESSES ON THE FLOOR?



Cleopatra: Siren Queen of Egypt

Continued from page 18

CLEOPATRA must then have felt that her goal was in view. A magnificent ceremony took place in the Gymnasium in Alexandria, with Antony and Cleopatra, dressed as the goddess Isis, seated upon two thrones of gold on a platform of silver.

But again triumph was to be snatched from the Queen of Egypt. The breach between Antony and Octavian, helped by Antony's ailments to Octavia, was now complete. It culminated in Antony's defeat at the Battle of Actium in 31 B.C.

Although Antony was the most experienced army general of his day, he allowed Cleopatra to induce him to fight the Battle of Actium at sea, so that she "having an eye to flight could escape with the greatest safety from the first commencement of a defeat," according to Plutarch.

Her anxiety to escape prevailed at the height of the battle, and she suddenly ordered her 60 ships to hoist sail and make out to sea.

Antony immediately abandoned his men and followed her.

Some historians say that she and Antony had arranged their escape before the battle started, but Plutarch is emphatic that Cleopatra deserted Antony, who then proved the truth of the jest that the "soul of a lover lives in someone else's body."

"For, as if he had been born part of her, and must move with her wheresoever she went, as soon as he saw her ship sailing away, he abandoned all... to follow her that had so well begun his ruin and would hereafter accomplish it."

Though Antony and Cleopatra returned to Alexandria with demonstrations of pretended victory, they knew that doom was at hand.

The club of the "Inimitable Livers" became the club of "Those who are going to die together."

Octavian advanced to Alexandria. Then Cleopatra barricaded herself in a monument with her manicurist, Charmion, and her hairdresser, Iras, and let the rumor reach Antony that she had committed suicide.

Antony stabbed himself, but did not die at once, and Cleopatra's women drew him up by ropes through a window into the monument.

Plutarch's story gives a touching account of Cleopatra's grief.

It was his version that Shakespeare followed. Remember Antony's:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying; only I here importune death a while, until Of many thousand kisses, the poor last I lay upon thy lips."

More cynical historians think that her object was to get Antony out of the way, and leave her clear to negotiate with the new Roman ruler.

But the Cleopatra who had fascinated Julius Caesar with her radiant youth and Mark Antony when in the full bloom of her maturity was not able, after 18 years of absolute living, to charm

the shrewd Octavian. He planned to exhibit her as a captive behind his triumphal chariot when he entered Rome.

Each tried to outwit the other. Octavian wanted to prevent her from killing herself. Cleopatra, once she was sure that Octavian would have no mercy on her, planned a mysterious death.

It is generally believed that she died, with her two servants, from the bite of an asp.

After taking a bath and having a sumptuous meal, she sent all but the two servants out of the monument. When guards broke in later they found her, arrayed in all her royal jewels, dead on a gold bed. The two servants were dying.

Although no snake was ever seen, it is believed that she had an asp sent to her in a basket of figs and allowed it to bite her. Some who saw her body declared that two faint puncture-marks were found on her arm.

Soon after her death, at the age of 39, her son by Julius Caesar was murdered. Octavia, who always reared any of Antony's children, complainantly brought up his three by Cleopatra.

With Cleopatra died the power of the Ptolemys. Egypt became a Roman province, never again to be a great power.

Nearly 2000 years later, archaeologists would patch together the story of its three thousand years of glory, and in that story none would occupy a more picturesque niche than the woman who was its last great ruler.



Will Bernbrook prove a flop in U.S.A.?

Will Bernbrook be as successful as his champion £60,000 stake winning brother Shannon? . . . **Turn to page 31** in August "A.M." for Cliff Graves' controversial article.

'This girl excites the Big-Shots'

Color photo of Vera-Ellen plus story and pictures which portray a violent episode in the tragic life of a cabaret dancer . . . from Vera's newest M.G.M. musical, "Words and Music". In August "A.M." **Pages 10 and 11.**



Was this the World Championship Knockout?

Did this punch make Ezzard Charles World Heavyweight Champion? English and New York State Boxing Authorities say NO! What do you think? Full pictures. **Pages 45 and 46.**



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AUGUST ISSUE

"Dead Man's Trail" — exciting adventure story by Saturday Evening Post writer Ernest Haycox . . . **Page 9.**

"Behold the Universe" — 3 page story with first official pictures of giant new 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar, California. Exciting new ideas challenging all our present conceptions will result from the new telescope. The detailed article is a *must* to anybody who wants to know more of this world. **Page 12.**

5 luscious oyster recipes from the Duke of Windsor's former chef . . . **Page 28.**

"Right, Murphy!" — Westing fell in love with the big truck-driver's niece — and then accidents started to happen! By Ian Lasry. **Page 16.**

"Can You Escape Peptic Ulcers?" There are interesting facts to be learned from this article by Jim Carr . . . **Page 19.**

"Secrets of the Teen-Ager." What does your teen-age daughter know about sex? Where has she learned it? . . . **Page 23.**

"A Whip for a Wild Cat." She wanted to walk a tight-rope and got her wish! **Page 25.**

"Stranger Unknown" — a great newspaper story — but it came *too easily* for Johnny Medhurst . . . **Page 29.**

"How they make ski-champions" — Experts show you how to learn skiing the proper and easy way . . . **Page 33.**

"Bat out of hell", by Cedric Mentiplay. — story of a motor cycle champion who lost his nerve . . . **Page 34.**

"Soccer began as a brawl." Story of soccer in England and how the powers behind the game are watching Australia . . . **Page 36.**

"He rides on his Nerves." A Melbourne cyclist makes big money in New York. **Page 43.**

Picture to frame, by Lloyd Rees, a leading Australian Romantic Landscape Painter. **Full Page Color.**

"Television to train Doctors." New experiment televises surgical operations so watching student-doctors don't handicap a surgeon . . . **Page 56.**

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WARRAWILLA, home for 18 years of Misses Annette and Cecilia Maclellan, has been given by them to be made into a home for people who are deaf and blind.

Sisters give home to aid blind-deaf

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

The other day two women who had not met each other for 25 years sat gossiping happily for hours. They had never spoken to each other and neither knew what the other really looked like.

They were at Warrawilla, Hunters Hill, Sydney, a picturesque old stone house given by two elderly sisters, Misses Annette and Cecilia Maclellan, to be made into a home for the blind-deaf.

THE two women talking were Mrs. Alice Chapman, of Maitland, New South Wales, who is deaf, dumb, and blind, and Miss Jeanie Downie, of Sydney, who is totally deaf and 95 per cent. blind.

They talked with their hands as they sat on a wide verandah with the sun pouring on to them, and outside was a peaceful old garden.

It is planted with sweet-scented jasmine, clambering over fences, frangipani, tuberose, gum trees, jacarandas, and pomegranates growing around the sloping lawns.

Farther along the verandah sat two men, Mr. Jack McKinnon and Mr. Joe Hanks, both blind and deaf, who also talked animatedly on their hands.

Joe Hanks lives alone in a dingy, leaky room in Surry Hills, Sydney, and Jack McKinnon is at the Lidcombe (N.S.W.) Old Men's Home, where he had no visitor for nine years, and no one knew the sign language to talk to him.

The precious hours of delighted companionship for these four were made possible by the extraordinary generosity of the Misses Maclellan.

It was not enough for them that the blind-deaf should have the house after their death. They are happy to give up the house they have lived in for 18 years so that they can be certain their ideas for a blind-deaf home will be carried out.

"First and foremost it must be a home and not an institution," said Miss Annette, as she showed me around.

We were standing in the lofty, comfortable drawing-room, 19ft. by 15ft., with a big fireplace and large windows.

"Take this room, for instance. It is to remain a drawing-room, a happy meeting-place."

"An official from one organisation, who was looking at the house, said this room could be a six-bed dormitory."

"Oh, no," said Miss Annette. "I told him that we won't have! Single bedrooms and perhaps one double one is our idea."

"Some people want to divide the verandah to make small rooms; but we won't have that. We want the home to retain a dignified, spacious look."

"This room will remain furnished as it is now, except for the antiques. They will be sold and the money used for renovating the house," she went on.

Raising money for necessary alterations is now the sisters' chief interest, and a committee has been formed to assist.

"We must have at least £1500 before we can start, and until then it is impossible to have any of the blind-deaf living here. They can only visit us for the day," said Miss Maclellan.

The back part of the seven-roomed house is weatherboard, and will be pulled down. In its place will be at least eight single bedrooms. Later a second story will be added, and workshops built so crafts may be taught.

There is a lovely big homely kitchen with both fuel and gas stoves and plenty of cupboard space, and a door will be made from it into the dining-room.

Meanwhile the Maclellan sisters have moved from the big, comfortable rooms in the front of the house to three smaller rooms at the side, and they have let the other rooms for £4/4/- a week—which all goes into the building fund.

Even a set of miniatures painted by their mother, Eva Maclellan, will be sold to help the fund.

The Maclellan sisters know what the double affliction of blindness and deafness means. Their brother, Guy, who died eight years ago, was blind, deaf, and paralysed, and their whole lives were centred on making him as happy as they could.

"We knew what we were able to do for him, and how much happiness we gave him, by educating him so that he could talk to us and share our interests. Our one dream was that we might die before he did."

"Now we want to see that other blind-deaf people have happy homes in this house, with a matron to look after them."

Miss Annette, who graduated at Sydney University, was a high school teacher of French, German, and art. She had retired, but now, to raise money for the fund, she is teaching again, this time in a primary school, and she often leaves home at 6.30 in the mornings.

You have only to talk to some of these blind-deaf men and women to know what a beacon of hope Warrawilla is to them.

Seventy-three-year-old Jeanie Downie sums their feelings up well.

"Warrawilla will be a home in a very real sense to those who, like myself, have lost their sight and hearing. I will have no hesitation in going there myself, although for years I have fought against going into a home."

"The beautiful surroundings, fresh, sweet air, with the river flowing below, should be very helpful to those who have few pleasures."

The meeting after so long between Jeanie Downie and Alice Chapman was one of the most touching reunions I have ever seen.

Beacon of hope



THEIR PLEASURE in sitting in the sunny garden at Warravilla is discussed on their hands by Norman Wilkinson (left), who is blind and deaf, and Bill Sinclair, who is deaf, dumb, and blind.

Friends led the two towards each other. Their all-perceptive, sensitive hands touched, and they knew each other instantly. When their greeting embrace was over, they settled down to, as Jeanie Downie put it, "chatter like magpies"—a wordless, silent chatter, but completely satisfying to the two who shared it.

"We talked about old times, when we met at the Darlington School for the Deaf; then Alice told me all about her experiences in the floods at Maitland, and then we discussed our knitting," Miss Downie told me. Both are expert knitters, and they have worked out a plan to make a wool rug, which will be raffled to raise funds for Warravilla.

Feeling of peace

AMONG the visitors the day I was there was Norman Wilkinson, Australia's only blind-deaf soldier from the second world war, and an active member of the Warravilla committee.

He was sitting on a garden bench enjoying the sun.

"What does a garden mean to a blind-deaf man?" I asked through an interpreter.

"It's lovely. It gives a feeling of

peace and freedom and sanctuary. The air itself is refreshing, quite different from the air inside a house. Having no sight we concentrate on the feel of the air and of course on our sense of smell.

"Just as we sense the trees and flowers and grass we can tell at once if we go into the gloom of a mean little hovel.

"This must be more than a home for our people," Norman Wilkinson said. "There must be workshops so that they can learn an occupation."

"My hope is that Warravilla enables them to extract all the happiness they can out of life by giving them occupations and hobbies. And most of all by making them realise someone is interested in them.

"The blind-deaf are nobody's responsibility, nobody's care. They only have the same pension as the blind; but they are banned from the jobs the blind can hold. Industrialists will employ the blind. They will not employ those doubly afflicted, which means these people must live in dire poverty.

"I know a blind-deaf man at Newcastle. He has no friends, and no trade. He is a nervous wreck. When I speak to him he shakes like a leaf.

"Now bring this man to such a place as we want Warravilla to be, and he would feel at once there are friends around him. He could learn a trade, get a different outlook



MISS CECILIA MACLELLAN in the workshop at Warravilla. Once painting pictures was her hobby; now she likes to paint and do carpentry to make Warravilla look brighter.

altogether, and go back to Newcastle a new man.

"Then he can lead a life like I do.

"I came back from the war, was given magnificent help by Repat, had the encouragement and interest of other people. All this helped me to make good.

"I am making a fine living out of my pottery. It is the same with other blind-deaf civilians. Given a chance, they will make good, too.

"The blind only, or the deaf and dumb only, are helped in Australia, but no one looks after 'our people' after childhood.

"There is not even any Government record of how many blind-deaf there are in this State.

"In America there is a National League for the Blind and Deaf. They have their own paper, the whole contents written by themselves. Every blind-deaf person gets a copy.

"Warravilla could be the beginning of such a movement here for the blind-deaf. I would like to see it adopt the same motto as the American National League. 'One for all. All for one. In God we trust.'

It is four years since I last saw Norman Wilkinson. Then he was just starting out on his arduous task of learning to be a potter.

He was a little uncertain of himself. He had still to prove he would become a useful, fully rehabilitated citizen.

His rehabilitation is so complete now that he has become an expert in ceramics; leads a happy, normal life.

He reads every book he can on ceramics through his wife, who translates them into the hand language. As she reads, Norman turns into braille with a small device he owns anything he wants to keep for reference.

"I am building up quite a little library of braille notes on ceramics, and I'll be happy to lend them to anyone who needs them," he said.

Ready to help

HIS pottery is so good that he can sell all he makes to Sydney stores, and one of the main stores has his work featured in its catalogue this year.

Norman has overcome his double affliction so completely that his whole attitude is that of a particularly intelligent and energetic man.

He wants to see Warravilla a success, and was anxious to have as secretary of the committee Mr. Jerry Kilborn.

Knowing his friend was a busy man, Norman said: "Don't be afraid that there'll be too much work. Tell you what I'll do. Once every week I'll hop over with my typewriter (braille, of course) and do any typing you want."

Nothing will ever quench a spirit like that.



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WISE WIFE AND MOTHER



SUGGESTS CORRECT ACTION

AT FIRST TWINGE OF RHEUMATISM

"I come from a family where internal cleanliness has always been our best health assurance—each of us regularly added the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen to our first morning cup of tea. When I married I tried to get my husband to do likewise. But he always said it was better to leave 'well enough' alone until recently he began to be troubled with rheumatic pains. Only then was I able to convince him I was right. I started my husband off on the medicinal dose of Kruschen, gradually reducing the dose. This completely relieved him of the pains. Now, I'm happy to say, we are a family of 'Kruschen regulars'."

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As an invigorating tonic put 24 small Kruschen salts in your first morning cup of tea or coffee. Taken thus, Kruschen salts are tasteless.

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GENEROUS SISTERS. Misses Annette (left) and Cecilia MacLellan, whose generous gesture was prompted by their knowledge of the needs of the blind-deaf.

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LOST ALL YOUR FIGHT?

Brisk LIPTON TEA
WILL PUT YOU RIGHT!



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Look for this grand old man on the packet. The name of Sir Thomas Lipton means more to tea-lovers than any other name in the world.



L11.02 WW

NINA paused un-wardly, but Randall leaned forward eagerly. "Yes?" he said. "Whether, if you're not going anywhere else—You see, a friend in America has sent me a wonderful parcel, and I was wondering if you'd care to come home and have dinner with me?"

Nina's flat was a small, two-roomed affair. In the sitting-room were silver-grey walls and primrose curtains, and apple-green covers, and the home in Sussex had contributed a Sheraton desk and china cupboard, a few bits of old Worcester and some miniatures.

Nina left Randall alone there while she went into the kitchen. She slipped on an overall, assembled the contents of the parcel and decided on the menu: Hoarded since her father's last visit, there was even a bottle of precious Rhine wine.

When she went back to the sitting-room to set the table her guest was strolling round looking at her books and pictures.

He turned as she opened the door. "This is swell. This is certainly very swell."

Together they set two places on the round table by the window. Dinner progressed happily.

The table lamp diffused a magic radiance. Down below a street musician was playing a perennially romantic tune. The powerful pull of a mutual attraction filled the room like an essence.

This was the scene, the atmosphere, her imagination had conjured up walking home this evening.

This is the moment I have dreamed of, Nina thought, looking at Randall.

Randall finished the last of his crepe suzette, put down his fork and looked across at her.

She smiled back at him. "I know. You're wanting to say, 'What a delicious dinner!' But this is just about the one occasion when it's right for the hostess, not the guest, to praise the meal."

He leant across and held a match to her cigarette. It burnt down to his fingers while his eyes rested on her, on the soft mouth, on the long lashes lowered to the cigarette tip.

He said: "A grim thought has just struck me."

"What's that?"

"Supposing I'd met you only two days before I left instead of two days after I arrived!"

She got up and took the plates and went towards the kitchen. "Well,

that's been taken care of anyhow," she said gaily as he held the door for her.

A few minutes later she came back with the coffee tray.

Randall hadn't gone back to the table. He was standing over by her desk—stooped over it—his hand at one of the pigeonholes.

Hearing her he stood up with a jerk and snatched back his hand. The color rushed up into his face.

Just inside the doorway Nina stood arrested. And after his first furtive movement he stood motionless, too. Across the room their eyes met and held each other, while the long moment drew out as though it could never end.

Then Nina's glance slid away. She went over and put the tray down on the table, straightening the cups carefully. She said, and her voice was oddly unlike itself: "Won't you come and have some coffee? That is, when you can tear yourself away from the contents of my desk."

He followed her across to the table. "Take it easy, we all get surprises at times."

"We certainly do!"

"I've just had a big one."

"Have you?"

"Why did you want to kid me along with such a string of fairy tales?"

"What do you mean?"

"I thought I was fairly up to things. I never expected to fall for such an old trick."

"Perhaps you'd be good enough to explain what you're talking about? What dark secret you uncovered in my desk? Did you see that my bank balance hardly runs into three figures, or that my sister takes in boarders? We're not a very rich or successful family, I'm afraid."

He gave a short laugh. "Maybe just a clergyman's daughter?"

"Actually, yes. A country clergyman. How clever of you to guess."

"But don't say you're not successful. You underrate yourself. You were very successful in making me think you the loveliest, the most worthwhile girl I'd ever met."

"Thank you, but your opinion is strangely of little interest to me now."

"The very sound of your voice when you first spoke to me in the bar-room there—it just seemed to have all the music there was. Your eyes drew me to you like—like no one else's ever. Believe me, you were very successful!"

Unsolicited Gift

Continued from page 9

He walked to the window, stubbed his cigarette and flung out the butt. Standing very still, Nina watched him, waiting. The romantic tune below had stopped. The romance inside, too, had come to an end.

She said quietly: "Before I ask you to go will you please tell me what all this is about?"

"Why, surely, I've nothing to be ashamed of. Except for that one moment when I stooped across to your desk to make sure that my eyes weren't playing a trick on me. And for that act I'll admit—"

"Just stick to the facts, please," she cut him short coldly.

"O.K. It starts quite a time ago. My mother had a friend over here. They'd been at school in Paris together, and they'd kept in touch until she died a while back—poor Leonie. My mother's a very staunch soul, so she kept up a sort of vague alliance with the daughter—greetings at Christmas and flowers on birthdays and so forth."

"But Mum used to shake her head sadly every time she mentioned her. I've heard a lot during the past few years of the Rake's Progress of 'poor Leonie's daughter!—who's poor, it seems, only in the sense of being too rich in attractions!'"

He paused, a faintly bitter smile on his mouth, his dark eyes meeting Nina's hazel ones.

She prompted him coolly: "Don't stop. I'm just getting intrigued."

"Fine! I'm glad my story is not without interest. Well, from time to time I heard all about the marriage and divorce of 'poor Leonie's daughter.' Somebody else's divorce, too. She was the co-respondent in that. Seems she had a great number of adventures, mostly of an amatory nature."

He pulled out his cigarettes and lighted one, drew in the smoke deeply and blew it out again in a long stream.

Nina's face, pale in the glowing light, was empty of expression, but her eyes were on him steadily.

He went on: "Not long before I came over here I was helping my mother address some parcels for England. One was for Leonie's daughter. You should have seen Mum stall about giving me that address."

He laughed.

Please turn to page 41

Be regular again

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Kellogg's nut-sweet All-Bran is a natural
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Your health depends on what you eat every day. Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain daily, gentle, easy regularity . . . No medicines needed. If you suffer from constipation then you need more than temporary relief. You must get at the cause of your trouble. Kellogg's All-Bran does this, because it is rich in BULK—that vital ingredient your system needs every day.

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Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet

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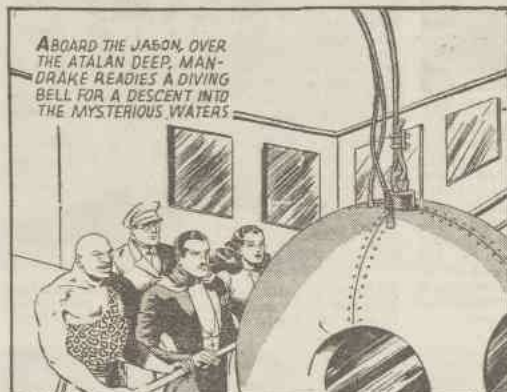
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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are aboard the yacht Jason, which **CAPTAIN BLAINE:** Commands. **PRINCESS NARDA:** Is also with them. The Jason arrives at the Atalan Deep, and Mandrake dons a diving suit to investigate the

disappearance of a fishing boat. Under water he is attacked by a man who rides a giant seahorse, and his lifeline is cut. Lothar dives to his rescue, but the rider signals to a pack of sharks. Rifle fire drives the pack away. **NOW READ ON:**



ABOARD THE JASON, OVER THE ATALAN DEEP, MANDRAKE READIES A DIVING BELL FOR A DESCENT INTO THE MYSTERIOUS WATERS



"EVEN IF I ONLY IMAGINED SEEING THAT RIDER ON A GIANT SEAHORSE, WE ALL SAW THE COLLAR ON THE SHARK," SAYS MANDRAKE. "SOMETHING AMAZING IS DOWN THERE—I CAN'T RESIST HAVING A LOOK."



NARDA AND LOTHAR DECIDE THEY MUST HAVE A LOOK, TOO! NIGHT COMES! THE MYSTERIOUS "DEATH FIRE" GLOWS OVER THE ATALAN DEEP! "NOW'S THE TIME!" CRIES MANDRAKE, AND THEY DESCEND IN THE DIVING BELL!



DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE UNPLUMBED DEPTHS OF THE ATALAN DEEP! THE MYSTERIOUS BEAMS OF LIGHT CONTINUE AS FAR DOWN AS THEY CAN SEE.



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A CRACK! AND THE BELL FALLS RAPIDLY! THE CABLE HAS BROKEN! "OUR INSTRUMENTS HAVE GONE HAYWIRE!" CRIES MANDRAKE. "WE'RE BEING PULLED DOWN BY SOME POWERFUL MAGNETIC FORCE."



THE WALLS OF THE BELL TREMBLE. THE BELL CAN'T STAND THE PRESSURE AT THIS DEPTH! WE'LL BE CRUSHED LIKE EGGSHELLS," CRIES MANDRAKE. THEN THEY SEE, FAR BELOW, THE INCREDIBLE DOME OF ATALAN, WITH LIGHT BEAMS SEARCHING OUT LIKE THE ANTENNAE OF SOME COLOSSAL SEA MONSTER!



MANDRAKE'S DIVING BELL IS PULLED TOWARDS THE DOME AT THE SEA BOTTOM BY A POWERFUL MAGNETIC FORCE. STRANGE RIDERS ON GIANT SEA HORSES APPROACH THE BELL...



INSIDE THE BELL, MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTHAR, HAVE LOST INTEREST IN THEIR SURROUNDINGS--FOR THE TERRIFIC PRESSURE THREATENS TO CRUSH THE BELL AT ANY MOMENT!

TO BE CONTINUED



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Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film.

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- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
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Adorable little Miss Five-and-a-bit loves her Bond's "Underlovelies". And no wonder—because Bond's make their Tru-Size "Underlovelies" for Children just as pretty as Mummy's. In dull finish rayon locknit and smooth swami... wonderful fabrics that stay pretty, washing after washing. And that Tru-Size label you find on all Bond's "Underlovelies" is your guarantee of perfect fit—because it means that every Bond's garment is true to size.

Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies" for Children



Putting the ping into ping-pong

World champions display skill on tour of Australia

Three former world champions will be seen in action at some of the matches played by table-tennis champions Viktor Barna and Richard Bergman, who are touring Australia at present.

In Melbourne and Sydney, the two visitors, who have held the world's singles championship between them eight times, will play against Michael Szabados, who won the title in 1931.

THE three men, between them, hold 29 table-tennis titles.

Viktor Barna, who was born in Hungary, and Richard Bergman, a former Austrian, now live in England and are naturalised citizens. Michael Szabados, also Hungarian-born, lives in Sydney, where he is the proprietor of a table-tennis academy.

Viktor Barna, five times singles champion of the world, was partly responsible for the transformation of the genteel game of ping-pong to the hard and energetic table-tennis that is played to-day.

"Before 1927 table-tennis was a quiet game, with the players standing close to the table, and gently hitting the ball back and forth with the 'penhandle grip,' which did not allow for strength and variety of strokes," he said.

"Then some boys and I, all aged between 15 and 17, got together, adapted the modern grip, which is similar to shaking hands with the bat, moved far back from the table—and table-tennis as a sport was born."

He said the new style of playing quickly spread to neighboring countries like Czechoslovakia, and then became universal.

Quiet, unassuming Viktor, who is head of the table-tennis department in a London sporting goods factory, said that the game was probably the most popular sport in Hungary.

"The war, with its concentration of hundreds of servicemen in places where little recreation was available,

gave the game a terrific impetus," he said.

Viktor, who was here in 1938, when he won the Australian Open Championship, said that in England to-day there were over 100,000 registered players of table-tennis, with "millions more interested in the game."

Present holder of the British Open Championship, he was also eight times winner of the doubles championship of the world; six of his doubles wins were in partnership with Michael Szabados, against whom he is keen to play on this tour.

Viktor's wife, Susan, and Richard Bergman are both paying their first visit to Australia.

A vivacious brunette, Susan, who was also born in Hungary, never tires of watching her husband play. A "good average" player herself, she sometimes competes in mixed doubles with Viktor, but does not intend to play before an audience on this tour.

She first met her husband in Budapest, in 1935, when he was convalescing after having broken his arm in a motor accident in France.

Viktor Barna and Richard Bergman have visited nearly every country in the world during their years of tournament play, and between them speak six languages fluently.

"I can read and write in English, French, German, Dutch, and Italian," said Richard. "And I can swear in Hungarian," he added.

Viktor and Susan describe Richard's defence play as "unrivalled in the world."

Three world singles champion, the slightly built, wiry Richard has a reputation as a fighting player.

He first won the championship in



1937, won again in 1939, and was holder during the war years until 1945.

"I didn't defend the title in 1947, but travelled to Paris, where the championships were held, and issued a £500 challenge to all-comers," he said.

"It was not accepted, so in 1948 I entered the championship at Wembley and won. This year I was defeated in the semi-finals."

During the war Richard was a physical training instructor in the R.A.P. before his knowledge of languages was utilised by British Intelligence.

When practising together Viktor and Richard display the little idiosyncrasies which are also a feature of their match play. Each has a keen sense of humor, but Richard is the born showman.

Viktor has a trick of kicking the ball into his hand with his foot, and he can also hit the ball so that it returns to him like a boomerang.

But Richard's facial expressions interest spectators. Often in the middle of a long rally, he places his hand over his mouth for a polite but bored yawn.

During their Australian tour they will play in all States, except Queensland, against selected Australian players. They will give exhibition matches and represent England in two Test matches against Australia.

All three visitors speak excellent English, but Richard made one slip when, in stating that his wife, Eileen, was unable to accompany him on the Australian tour, he declared: "I am a straw widower for the tour!"



ENJOYING AUSTRALIAN SUNSHINE, Richard Bergman (left) and Susan and Viktor Barna stroll through the Western Australian University in Perth.



EXHIBITING STYLE that won him five singles championships of the world and eight doubles championships, Viktor Barna leaps at the table to return the ball. Before the leap he was 15 feet from the table.

THIS 10 YEAR OLD SHAWL actually won a show prize after many washes with Velvet!

says AUNT JENNY

Read of the wonderful results Mrs. F. M. Peepall, of 354a Montague Road, West End, Brisbane, and her good neighbour, Mrs. Olive Hukins, also of 354 Montague Road, have had with Velvet. Their experiences certainly prove precious things washed with Velvet stay fresh and new-looking year after year.

(★ Original letters on our file.)

"IT'S A PLEASURE, Aunt Jenny, to add my voice to the thousands you have heard in praise of Velvet. I've always used Velvet because experience has taught me there is nothing like it. If you want to be kind to your linens, kind to your hands, and still have a good reputation for a white wash, use Velvet!"

"Yes, ladies, you can see by the experience of these VELVET users that VELVET makes clothes last so much longer," says Aunt Jenny
"AND HERE ARE THE REASONS WHY"

A 120-YEAR-OLD CHRISTENING ROBE, the pride and joy of Mrs. Peepall's neighbour, Mrs. Olive Hukins. "This robe has been used by three generations," says Mrs. Hukins. "I've been using Velvet Soap for 22 years now and find it excellent for gentle and thorough washing. When I arrived in Australia I soon found Velvet was the best soap to use for this precious garment. I'm quite sure the robe's wonderful condition is due to Velvet washing care."



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look faded and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with slippy, inferior lather. And look how these weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.



Turn in every Mon. to Thurs.
"Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"
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makes the most wonderful gravies

makes a grand hot drink

makes your meals more meaty

liven up your cooking

It does BIG THINGS in the KITCHEN



Beef extract blended with other nourishing ingredients in handy cube form

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Unsolicited Gift

Continued from page 38

POOR Mum was touchingly transparent. And every time she turned the leaf of her address book I could see the address right there over her shoulder. I didn't forget it either. When I came home I thought I'd like to meet that girl.

"The charm of the forbidden apple, I expect," she said dryly.

"I expect so," he agreed. "So this evening I set out to call on her. On my way I dropped in at that bar for a drink. To fortify myself to meet this girl, this man-trap that my mother had tried to keep me away from."

Randall went on uncertainly: "When you asked me to dinner and I turned out you lived in this building I couldn't—I just never thought to link you up with her. Then a minute ago, when you were out in the kitchen, I caught sight of Mum's green ink and sprawling handwriting on the wrapper there that you'd torn off the parcel well."

Nina drew in her breath sharply. Her glance flickered away from him to the wrapper of the food parcel pulled forward, on the desk. Her eyes looked darker, the pupils grown large; against the silver-grey wall the line of her slimmest looked defenceless.

At last he said: "Aren't you going to say anything, Nina? Aren't you going to speak?"

"So I'm in the dock, am I?"

He made a quick gesture disclaiming this. "No—please—"

"And you never paused to ask yourself whether your mother was quite just when she condemned poor Leonie's daughter? You didn't consider that in a divorce case it's sometimes the husband who's in the wrong? Scandals aren't always what they seem. Even a co-respondent is sometimes falsely accused."

"Listen," he said, "I'm not accusing you—not about that. I just felt kind of sore that you—well, that you hadn't liked me enough to tell me the facts about yourself. It wasn't anything that'd gone before. It was just the way you kidded me. I felt—I felt—"

He came across and stood close to her. "Oh, Nina, you know what I felt. But it doesn't matter now."

"Doesn't matter?"

"Not a tinker's curse. Not to me anyhow. Let's wash it all out. Please. Let's start again. I begin to realise that Mum must've read the facts wrong. I know you're what you seem to me. I know, anyhow, that I—that I'm crazy about you and that you're going to love me."

He caught her hands, stooped and kissed them, the slender fingers, the soft palms—

Above his bent head a small smile of triumph lifted the corners of

Nina's mouth. For a moment her hands in his were relaxed, yielding. Then she drew them away and turned and went to the door. She opened it wide.

He went slowly after her. "So you won't forgive me? You're going to send me away?"

"You're not a very observant person, are you?"

He stared. "Observant? What's that got to do with it?"

"If you had been you'd have noticed when you came in with me that this flat is Number 10. The address you remembered—the one on the wrapper—is Number 11—opposite," she pointed across the landing. "where poor Leonie's daughter lives."

"What! You don't mean—"

"Yes. Marjorie Heron."

Slowly he repeated: "Marjorie Heron. I confess I never kept track of her name. She seemed to change it rather a lot."

"Perhaps, but that doesn't prevent her being one of the nicest, one of the best people in the world. And my best friend. Your mother certainly did read the facts wrong. Before Marjorie left yesterday with the company for Buenos Aires she rushed in with that parcel your mother had sent her and—"

"Wait, hold on. You said—you can't blame me for jumping to conclusions—you said definitely in the pub that a friend in America had sent this parcel to you."

Now that ready color rushed up into Nina's face again.

"I know I did. Silly of me, wasn't it?"

"But why, why?"

"Oh, why! I don't suppose you can understand—why should you—that—that lonely people are oddly ashamed of being lonely."

She searched for words. Difficult to have to admit about oneself, one's inadequacies, one's introverted nature.

"They feel inferior somehow, almost guilty. No one to make a fuss of them, want to see them, take them out." She laughed wryly. "It's far, far harder to confess to that than to a hectic past with two divorces!"

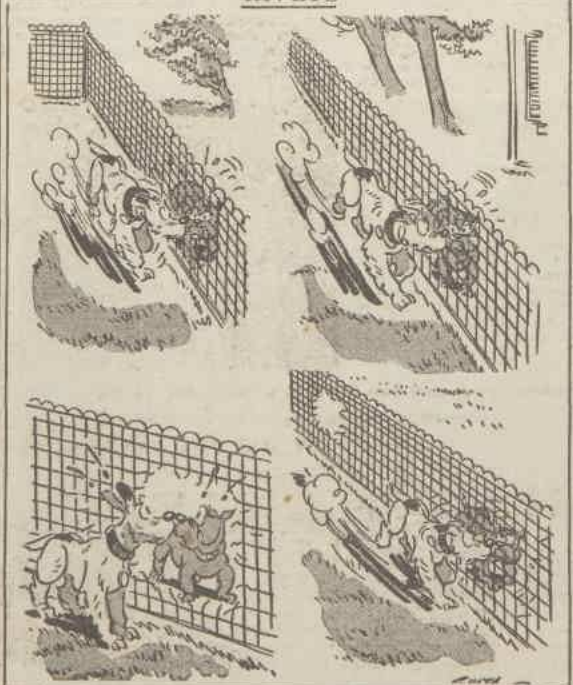
Randall said incredulously. "Lonely? Why? You're really kidding me now."

"No, I'm not. That's why I childishly claimed Marjorie's friend in America—because I was ashamed to have none of my own."

He pulled her gently aside and closed the door. "That ends from now on—his arms were round her and his mouth near hers—'if you'll let it—'"

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RIVETS



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Aunt Agatha, who knits, says—



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TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★ The Pearlers (Aust. Documentary)

STAFF of the Films Division of the Australian Department of Information is turning out a regular stream of splendidly photographed documentaries destined for world release wherever possible.

"The Pearlers" is one of the latest, and it is pleasing to find it among the supporting shorts at a city theatre in Sydney.

Directed by Lee Robinson and photographed by Frank Bagnall, "The Pearlers" gives a brief and concise illustration of the pearling industry off the coast near Broome (Western Australia).

The camera follows the tiny pearling fleet out from Broome to the fishing-grounds and focuses on the leading divers and their assistants in their daily tasks during the months between March and October.

A short sequence shows the manner in which the gathered pearl-shell is handled on return to Broome. I think more might have been made of this, even at the expense of some of the more picturesque shots taken at sea.

The film is at the Century.

★★ Apartment For Peggy

TWENTIETH CENTURY - FOX, Hollywood, at last has taken a commendable step in realism on the subject of approaching motherhood.

In the romantic comedy "Apartment for Peggy" much of the plot deals with the subject of Peggy's expected baby.

To director George Seaton and Jeanne Crain, who plays Peggy, goes the credit for treating the theme with complete good sense.

The film also gives that grand old trouper Edmund Gwenn the sort of role he could play with his eyes shut.

Less well handled, Faith Baldwin's story could have been one of those saccharine affairs, but with Seaton, Crain, and Gwenn it becomes a charming film spiced with humor. I cannot see why technicolor was used, as black-and-white photography would have been just as effective.

There's a good deal of philosophy thrown in, especially when dealing with the sub-plot—that of the intended suicide by retired professor Edmund Gwenn, who feels he has no further cause for living.

He is rescued from a brooding state of mind by a garrulous and

friendly young matron, whose housing problem for her ex-G.I. university student husband and herself is solved when they move into the professor's attic.

Peggy ultimately loses her baby, but here again the film steers clear of maudlin sentiment.

Her disappointment and sorrow are none the less sincere, because of her cheerfulness in convalescence and frank expression of an intention to have a large family in the future.

Jeanne Crain talks at breakneck speed most of the time, but she does make Peggy a real person, warm hearted and healthy minded.

William Holden is a good foil as the husband who worries because his student course does not bring the family income up to required standard.

The film is at the Century.

★ My Brother's Keeper

THIS little English thriller from Gainsborough would have been more satisfying if the makers had left out the weak comedy interest.

There is enough humor in the character without dragging in the creaking theme of the reporter whose honeymoon is interrupted because of a manhunt.

The manhunt itself concerns two

escaped prisoners—one a hardened criminal (Jack Warner) and the other a frightened lad up for his first offence (George Coles).

Handcuffed together, the pair are first sheltered by the criminal's own old love (Jane Hylton) and then free themselves to meet separate adventures.

Jack Warner, in a role amazingly different from his usual warm-hearted comedy character, gives us a vivid conception of the criminal who is charming and breezy enough to keep a crushed wife faithful to him—and to deceive people he meets in his flight.

Beatrice Varley as the wife and Bill Owen as the taxi-driver are among the good minor characters who show up the conventional silliness of David Tomlinson's reporter and Raymond Lovell's blustering news editor.

The directors, Alfred Rooms and Roy Rich, who use outdoor scenes liberally, get some good suspense into the escape and pursuit.

The J. Arthur Rank release was at the Civic.

News from the studios

By cable from Hollywood
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

BOB HOPE's next film, "The Big Fish," will give him the chance to do some dramatic acting in addition to his usual comedy.

Paramount made this decision following the success of "Sorrowful Jones," in which Bob had less slapstick comedy than usual.

"The Big Fish" will be written by Jack Sher, a well-known newspaper man and magazine story-writer, and it will be set against the background of the salmon canneries of the Northwest.

While "Sorrowful Jones" featured a lovable moppet in the person of six-year-old Mary Jane Saunders, "The Big Fish" will highlight the character of an old woman who influences the lives of the simple cannery community.

No names have been mentioned yet for the role.

WILLIAM HOLDEN will co-star in "Mother For May" with Barbara Hale.

PAUL DOUGLAS is flying to Germany to make a picture of the Berlin airlift, called "Two Corridors Past." He says he is staying in Europe indefinitely on his first tour since he became a big star.



ORSON WELLES (left), Nancy Guild, and director Gregory Ratoff relax amidst the splendor of the Quirinale Palace in Italy during the making of Edward Small's production "Black Magic." The film is based on Alexandre Dumas' "Cagliostro," the notorious 17th-century hypnotist, and will be released in Australia by United Artists.

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Radio comic LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to help fight crime. He drives JUNE FARRELL, his publicity manager, to a night-club in his jet-jalopy. As they dance, petty thief HAROLD SQUARE steals the car and zooms into the sky. Larry finds the car has gone and fears the worst.

As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your good days this week are August 11, 15, and 16. Business should look up and work become more interesting. Watch August 12 for mishaps or emotional upsets and try to avoid chills or despondency on August 13.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Your family affairs are active this week, and it may be necessary on August 12 to calm troubled waters, for feelings could run high on that date. August 13 is also an adverse day. However, August 15 can be helpful and profitable.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Quite a favorable week for you, especially August 11, 15, and 16. Get busy with new ideas. Take advantage of all pleasures and outings, but avoid impulse in finance and heart affairs on August 12. Health may be a little disturbed on August 13.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): August 12, 13, and 14 are not your best days this week. Be careful in all your domestic affairs, don't antagonize others, and avoid emotional or financial extravagances. Choose August 11 and 15 for changes, correspondence, or personal dealings.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A rather mixed week for you. Use August 11 for business and financial projects. Avoid clashes on August 12, solidify and make permanent all your affairs on August 13, and watch for some really good luck on August 15 and 16.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): August 10 and 11 should find you very ingenious and thoughtful, with ability to improve your old conditions. Use caution on August 12 and 13, but enjoy August 15 and 16, which are good for love, business, and money matters.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your circle of friends could be extended or some extra happiness occur on August 15 and 16. Be careful on August 12 and 13 not to go to emotional extremes, or let yourself be the cause of gossip. Some secrecy may be necessary in your heart affairs.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A fairly good week for your social and business life, so long as you do not allow temporary enthusiasm to hurry you into unwise action on August 12 and 13. Your best days are August 11 and 15, so try to make the most of these days.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Some fresh inspiration should help you with your financial problems this week, especially on the afternoons of August 10, 11, and 15. Don't let others hinder your progress on August 12, 13, and 14, for this could cause you unnecessary worry.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 23): Plan for future goals this week. The only really adverse day is August 12, when domestic and family affairs could cause some worry. August 11, 13, and 15 should spur you on to new activity.

AQUARIUS (January 24 to February 23): Shared interests could result in some financial uplift around August 11 and 15. Some indisposition in health could upset August 12 and retard progress on August 13. Extra responsibility could also mark these latter dates.

PISCES (February 24 to March 23): Business associates, your work, and dealing with the public are well aspected on August 10, 11, and 15. Over-enthusiasm and unwise adventure are best left alone on August 12. Use tact and diplomacy on August 13 with those in authority or older than yourself.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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Bobby Henrey called successor to Jackie Coogan

Film-making only a game to nine-year-old boy

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Film-making is just a game to nine-year-old Bobby Henrey, but to London Films, makers of "The Fallen Idol," in which the child made an astonishing debut, Bobby's "game" is bringing big dividends from all over the world.

Bobby is half French, half English, and is hailed in England as the first real successor to Jackie Coogan.

HE has spun-gold hair which clouds his eyes at the slightest breath of a breeze, an appealing lisp, and a tinge of an accent.

Much of the success of "The Fallen Idol," which has won award after award in Europe and has been bought outright for a quarter of a million pounds sterling by America, depended on Bobby. And he knew nothing about it.

It was a game to him which marked the supreme success of director Carol ("Odd Man Out") Reed, who showed a patience throughout the three long, wearying months of its making that has become a legend in the film world.

Reed was Bobby Henrey's playmate in the elaborate make-believe—as it was to the child—"The Fallen Idol." He never attempted to tell the nine-year-old discovery the story of the film, but let him have it, line by line, game by game, as film-making progressed. In those scenes where he was required to laugh they hired a circus clown, Knox Grichen, expressly to make faces at him from behind the camera.

The spontaneity of Bobby's performance enraptured the critics, and their praises showed that strange, rare unanimity which greets the arrival of a first-magnitude star.

He was straightaway signed up on a £30,000 contract for four more films.

The discovery of Bobby Henrey for the screen was one of those motion picture miracles.

Robert Henrey, an English author-journalist, went to live with his French-born wife Madeleine on a peaceful Normandy farm near Villers-sur-Mer. Bobby was born there.

Thirteen months afterwards his parents picked him up in a blanket and fled before the German invasion, got on a boat at the coast and came to England.

Bobby Henrey's earliest recollections of this world were of the Battle of Britain and of nights spent deep down in the Tube shelters. They lived in a small flat in Shepherd Market, just behind Piccadilly.

Joint authors

MRS. HENREY began collaborating with her moderately successful author-husband on his books, and together they wrote "A Farm in Normandy," based on their escape. She dictated, he did the editing. It was a success.

Robert's only part in their next book, based on their life with their baby in the heart of London, was to provide Madeleine with some notes. They called it "A Village in Piccadilly," and illustrated it with pictures of Bobby.

After the liberation they went back to their farm in Normandy.

Six Alexander Korda had turned down his six hundredth "possible" for the part of the child Felipe in

"The Fallen Idol," and had fallen into that abyss of helplessness which a film-maker, with everything ready but a star, alone can know. It is the despair which sometimes in films precedes a miracle.

The miracle came in the form of an assistant director who burst into the room and brandished under his nose a copy of "A Village in Piccadilly." It was open at page 53 to a photograph of baby Bobby Henrey staring out of a sunlit window.

Off went a telegram to Normandy. After it went a plane specially chartered to bring Bobby Henrey back to London Films' studios for a film test. His mother packed a grip for him; he kissed the money head of his donkey Jeanette, patted his favorite cow, Bouboule, on her brown rump, and climbed aboard for the trip which took him to stardom.

Suite at studio

SIR ALEXANDER KORDA provided Bobby and his mother with a suite at Shepperton Studios, and hired a governess for his lessons off the set. The company put a car at his disposal "for business purposes."

His mountainous film earnings go into a trust fund until Bobby is 21. Bobby's parents themselves don't have to worry about money; since Madeleine Henrey began collaborating with her husband on his books their earnings have risen to £8000 a year.

Bobby's rise to stardom has given them material for a fresh book to be called "A Film Star in Beigrave Square."

Bobby Henrey is "down" for Eton in 1932. All his future films in England under his present contract will have to be made in strictest secrecy, since no child under the age of 15 is allowed to work in a British film for long enough every day to make film-making practicable.

His starring role in "The Fallen Idol" was kept a close secret because it was illegal. London Films didn't announce the advent of a new child star till filming was finished.

Bobby has to watch his figure as carefully as a glamor-girl. They put him on a diet when they found that too many buttered buns from the tea-tray during shooting breaks were making him overweight.



BOBBY HENREY, nine-year-old star of "The Fallen Idol," has made a firm friend of this Anglo-Nubian goat at the Children's Zoo in Regent's Park, London. Some of the scenes in the London Films production were taken at the Zoo.

He is unspoiled and completely unaware of the film sensation he has caused. He is the idol of the shopkeepers of Shepherd Market, where his mother takes him shopping. When adults ask him, a little patronisingly, what it feels like to see his face on the screen, he fixes his clear blue eyes on them and says, astonished at such foolishness: "But I see my face in ze mirror every day!"

To him the world of his stamp album and his home-made toys, of riding on the top of London buses with his father, is infinitely more alluring than the make-believes of the studio, which occasionally be-

come tiresome and cause his attention to wander from the camera.

Bobby is down to appear on Broadway in "The Turn of the Screw," after which he goes on to Hollywood to star in a film as yet unspecified.

In five years' time, when his contract expires, he will be a young man; acting before the cameras will have developed from a game into a business. And the quality of innocence which peers out from the screen to-day will give way to the calculated moods of the professional actor. There will be a great loss in all this.

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Glynis Johns

starring in the J. Arthur Rank film "Miranda"

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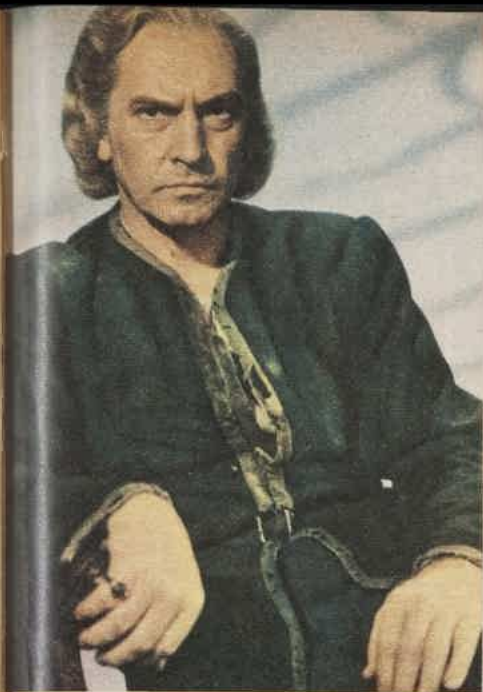
Facts about Glynis Johns

Hair: Light brown
Eyes: Blue grey
Complexion: Creamy fair
Hobbies: Dancing, collecting antique jewellery
Birthday: October 5
Beauty care: Pure white Lux Toilet Soap



The Bath and Complexion Care
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FREDRIC MARCH plays the title role of Christopher Columbus in the technicolor production by Sydney Box for Gainsborough Films (England) of the life of the explorer.



EDWARD RIGBY dressed for the role of Pedro, a crafty old member of Columbus' crew on the voyage of discovery to the New World. Pedro and others in the crew attempt to persuade Columbus to turn back.



LINDEN TRAVERS portrays Beatriz de Peraza, young Spanish adventuress, who becomes Columbus' mistress, and gains the enmity of the Queen of Spain, because of her previous association with the King.



FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN, as Spanish courtier Bobadilla, usurps Columbus' authority in the New World and has Columbus returned to Spain as a prisoner.

Christopher Columbus



NORA SWINBURNE as Juana de Torres, confidante of Queen Isabella, listens to Columbus' optimistic plans to make a second voyage and return with treasure.

TRIUMPH of Columbus when he first returns to the Court. His life ends tragically when he becomes the victim of Court intrigue.



8

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1 AT EMBASSY in Rio de Janeiro, British employee Ann Markham (Margaret Lockwood) meets charming stranger Charles Kent (Griffith Jones) when he rescues her dog from an accident.



2 VOYAGE to England is forced on Ann and Charles after their marriage, because Ann has discovered that her husband is wanted by the police.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LOVE



MARGARET LOCKWOOD selected the role of Ann Markham in this J. Arthur Rank release because it was different from the heavy dramatic parts she has played recently.

Norman Wooland, who plays one of her two leading men, was last seen as Horatio in "Hamlet."

Griffith Jones, who plays a plausible, charming cad, had a leading role opposite Margaret Lockwood in "The Wicked Lady."

Although the plot of the story moves from Rio de Janeiro to London, and then to Monte Carlo, it was filmed entirely at Denham studios, in London.



3 ON LINER Charles meets former accomplice Bettina Colby (Phyllis Stanley), who suggests a new blackmail plan.

4 VICTIM of blackmail is to be millionaire Ashley Morehouse (Norman Wooland), who is interested in Ann.



5 DIVORCED from Charles, Ann gets a job in Monte Carlo, where she meets Ashley again. She agrees to marry him, but is not sure that she is not attracted still to Charles in spite of the past.



6 FAILURE of Charles to get Ann back makes him threaten her with a gun. Ashley forces him to leave, because Ann has finally discovered she loves Ashley.

CROSSWORD CONTEST NO. 54

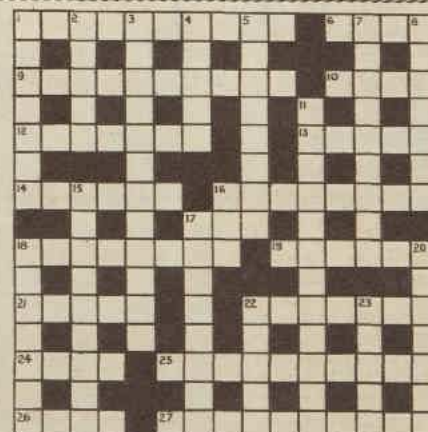
ACROSS

- It is causing dread for the backward, not so bright, and the talented (10).
- He is a great one for exclamation marks as he goes free unpunished (4).
- The fruit that will make you ill in town at the Alhambra (10).
- Ought to write and expose the whole thing (4).
- Give the right style of linotype material (7).
- A landlady eats one in the lift (5).
- Medium unconsciousness? (8).
- Cuts and pays with change in killy (8).
- How to make lace in state (3).
- The militia lost it in the distant, extremes of this common (8).
- Entirely describes mother as she appears in tomato (2, 4).
- Examine accounts officially (5).
- To make cambric moisten a roast, just toss it about inside (7).
- So faint you'd get it having the face to fight Indians! (4).
- The last country we find in turning Red now. I don't believe it could really be (10).
- Such a measure sounds impolite. Kicking people out of my house I show it to them in case upset (4).
- I mail these (anag.) (10).

DOWN

- American detectives incompetent to make an invented statement (7).
- A hop kiln is the end to cook (5).
- In despatching skill I see you have got behindhand, not distinct (12).
- Article on the parasite insects you would expect to meet in 251 (5).
- Swift creation of a state, but made light with an internal upset that makes you take a pull (6).
- Tchaikovsky's Italian music setting of a Neapolitan tale over the seas the Romans cross in numbers (9).
- Should not be taken in 17 for head-wetting! (4, 3).
- Test, then cure (anag.) (3, 4).
- Equip with weapons and set a cover up. Look! There's the animal (9).
- Normal value of stock (2).
- A professional in Uncle Cobley's set should find places to drink (6).
- The gay young teenager makes a flutter (7).
- Makes Eve sour when agitated for being in arrears (7).
- Garden plot I'm to make less clear (5).
- Grasp a hint. Use the French colonial curieryman included in the grant (5).

10, 25, and 22 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 54 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4888W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close August 19; prizes and solution in issue of September 10.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 53
ACROSS: 1—Wardrobe. 5—Folled. 10—Logical (anag.). 13—All-ail-a. 15—Short Commons. 16—O-b-o-e. 17—Ac-cent-ed. 19—Ask (hidden). 20—Entrench. 21—Mine. 24—In-com-pa-tent. 25—Ben-is-on. 28—Over-lar. 30—Year-na (y-ear-na). 31—Reap-pear.
DOWN: 1—Wells-park-en. 3—Bag. 7—Re-cite. 4—B-all-ot. 6—Off end/er. 7—Lift (anag.). 8—Dear. 9—Ham-mock. 13—O-port/o. 14—Strike. 15—Adventurer. 17—Aah. 18—Tennis-on 180 sequel turned with y for o. 19—A-c-count. 22—Ash-ore. 23—As-leep (prel turned). 25—Obey (hidden). 26—Anna. 28—Fee (free less r).

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 53: £30 to Mrs. N. Greenacre, Clarendon Ave., Kewton, Qld. £5 to Mr. Hugh A. Cumming, Glen-Ayr, 25 Addison Rd., Here, E.A. £2 to Miss M. E. Tregear, 22 Bellevue Pde., New Town, Tas.

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"JOCELYN."—New style maternity frock features an under-frock which allows for unnoticed expansion. The material is printed marocain with small white and grey flowers on rose, mid-blue, light green, or turquoise ground.
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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 56/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 58/9. Postage (registered), 2/6 extra.

N.B.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 489P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
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(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Planning baby's first clothes

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THOUGHTS of mothers-to-be centre on the clothes that will be required, particularly for a first baby.

As well as being as dainty as the mother can make them, the little garments should be practical in design and big enough to be wearable when the child has grown a little.

"Just to fit" first garments are speedily outgrown.

Best plan is to concentrate on the necessary clothes, and not to make many frocks or petticoats until the baby is born.

Make use of ordinary and inverted tucks, smocking, and deep hems, which may be let out as baby grows.

The four or six nightgowns needed at first should be of a woollen texture material, lightweight for summer, heavyweight for winter, except in very hot climates.

Tight bands and elastic should be avoided, and the clothes must be easy to put on and take off.

These and other points are amplified in a leaflet describing baby's first clothes, which is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau.

Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope with the request.

Paper Patterns of a 12-piece layette, including nightgowns (2), dresses (2), carrying coat, matinee jacket, petticoat, and flannel pilchers can also be obtained from our Mothercraft Service Bureau. Price, 3/6, post free.

Book on parentcraft

LIMITED copies of the second revised edition of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, are still available.

This 273-page book of complete parentcraft covers in detail the prenatal and post-natal periods, the early care of the baby, and has suggestions and recipes for diet and management of the toddler.

Copies can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price, 7/6, plus 4d. postage (registration 6d. extra). Write name and address in block letters.

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better with a
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MENTMORE

46

with shielded nib
of solid 14ct.
gold, osmi-iridium
tipped... patent
"bridge" ink
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choice of four
lovely colours.

GOLD-FILLED
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52/3
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ENGLAND

AT ALL
STATIONERS,
JEWELLERS,
STORES.

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"DIPLOMA"

(not illustrated)

fitted with a 14ct.
solid gold, osmi-
iridium tipped, half-
hooded nib, and gold-
filled clip and band.
In claret, wine, dark
blue, light blue, jet
black..... 19/6

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FOUNTAIN PENS

Distributors in the Trade:
POUNSFORD, NEWMAN & BENSON LTD.
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.

New Powder Makes FALSE TEETH Hold Tight All Day Long

Now you can wear false teeth more firmly and more comfortably than ever. A new, improved powder called FASTEETH sprinkled on your plates every morning gives more comfortable fit all day. FASTEETH does not thin out or wash away. Try FASTEETH and enjoy better false teeth security and comfort. Get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out
of Bed in the Morning Full of Vigor.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 2/- & 1/3.



When your nose shines . . . RELAX

● Beauty treatments that are good for one type of skin may not be beneficial to others, but here is one good ten-minute daily routine that helps every complexion.

By CAROLYN EARLE

THE old theory of relaxation for beauty has been given a face lift by scientific data, which seems to indicate that the relation between nerves and glands might well be the explanation of the nose that shines or looks greasy, or of the disturbing pinkness that sometimes radiates from the tip.

Tiny oil and perspiration glands are concentrated right down the centre of the face from brow to chin-line, and they function twice as quickly when a person is in the grip of nervous tension.

Everyone has experienced sudden bursts of perspiration caused by nervousness, and nearly everyone has some way of reducing such uncomfortable tension.

Following is a planned routine designed to aid the throwing off of workday worries, and inducing relaxation.

With or without the shining nose symptom, this series of exercises and poses is a good circulation equaliser, untier of nerve knots, and complexion aid.

This is what you do, and the pictures show you how movements should look:

1—Stand with the feet together, body weight on left leg, lightly flexing the right limb against it, left arm reaching upwards.

2—Turn head round to the right hand, which automatically curves the upright arm over, and accentuates body weight on left leg. Repeat on the opposite side, then relax for one minute.

3—Sit well back on the heels, curving the body forward to permit elbows to rest on floor, forehead almost touching.

4—Pull in hard on middle muscles to curve the spine, leaving head and arms forward.

5 and 6—Slowly follow the movement through until spine is straight, fingertips only touch floor.

7—Press back the arms until shoulder blades seem to touch, permit the head to fall back.

8—Raise arms slowly until they form a "V" and reach to their full height.

9—Clasp hands together, palms towards face; neck still bending well back.

10—Lower arms slowly to shoulder level, still with palms towards the face.

11—Continue the towards-floor movement, until the initial position is reached.



Another Fashion Leader
by Gaynor



The very newest
wrap-over button shoe
in black suede.

Gaynor

AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOE

My night-cap when STOMACH'S upset



Like thousands of other sufferers who used to toss and turn sleeplessly, this chap has wisely woken up to the sure way of settling his disturbed stomach for the night. A spoonful of DeWitt's Antacid Powder before retiring is his secret—and sound refreshing sleep is the result.

There is a scientific explanation behind the rapid and unfailing action of this famous family standby. Among its seven carefully balanced ingredients is one of the fastest acid neutralisers in existence. This counteracts the excess acid in the stomach which is nearly always the cause of the trouble. Other ingredients spread a soothing and protective layer over the delicate and inflamed stomach lining. This

gives Nature time to treat the trouble, even while the normal process of sound digestion continues.

This unfailing action is a feature of DeWitt's Antacid Powder and explains the confidence with which people all over the world recommend it to their friends and families.

This unrivalled reputation has been built on results—real and lasting; so get yourself a canister to-day and banish the spectre of stomach trouble from the meal table; eat and enjoy your supper to-night and wake refreshed and ready for whatever the day may bring. Ask for the giant 4/6 economy size and get two and a half times the quantity contained in the 2/6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain





Lournay Beauty Preparations
are recommended by Guild
Chemists throughout Australia.
Also featured by Cosmetic Sections
of leading Department Stores.



*On
everybody's
lips!*

*T*HE FINISHING TOUCH that makes a lovely lady lovelier, is the smooth
clear-cut finish of Lournay Lipstick. Its new, improved creamy texture
is simply perfect. Any of the eight glorious shades will dramatize the curves
of your lips and point a highlight to the charm of your smile.



COLOUR FOR LASTING LOVELINESS
in Lipstick and Rouge

HIBISCUS • PETUNIA PINK • RED VELVET
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and



GAZE CRÈME
NAIL ENAMEL

Tops in Tips!

Camilatone

for Lovelier Hair
INDIVIDUALLY YOURS
with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment

SHAMPOO: First step in your individual colour Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

RINSE: With the Toning hair-colour rinse supplied in every packet of Camilatone. Toning brings light and life to your hair and, by subtly defining its natural colour, gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Toning in your individual shade also available.

SET: With Lustrant—day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustrant leaves a silken sheen, makes brilliant shine unnecessary.

Camilatone

Individual Hair Treatment for
Lovelier Hair.
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies'
Hairdressers.

G.13.5

**Women Often
Need This Help**

Tiredness, depression and that nervy feeling often cause unnecessary suffering in busy women. When you feel that nothing is going right, when you're nervy, irritable and have that horrible depressed feeling, start taking WINCARNIN, the wonderful recuperative tonic which picks you up so quickly. WINCARNIN is rich in basic elements to fortify your nerves and generally tone up your system, making you feel "on top of the world" again in no time. Thousands of recommendations from the medical profession testify to the valuable health-giving qualities of WINCARNIN. Start a course of this great tonic right away and feel it doing you good. Ask your Chemist for WINCARNIN... the Wine of Life.



HYDRANGEAS are hardy shrubs for garden decoration, potting, or tub-culture. Their blooms last well after cutting, and, as many varieties are available, can be selected to suit chosen color schemes. Small heads make ideal nosegays or buttonholes, and can be easily arranged by the home florist.



How to plant and treat the lovely hydrangea

● August is regarded as an ideal month for setting out hydrangeas in the garden, or for potting up small rooted cuttings needed for interior decoration at Christmas time—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

PRUNING of these shrubs should have been done in autumn, when the flowering flush ended, but at this time of the year only over-crowded shrubs should be thinned out or dead wood removed. Any severe cutting back now will rob the gardener of next season's flowering wood.

If rooted cuttings are to be potted up, use good quality soil containing two parts loam, one part well-rotted cow manure, one part clean sand. Mix well, and put in a couple of inches of well-washed clinders at the bottom of the pots for drainage.

Firm well all round, as hydrangeas need to be well anchored on account of their surface-feeding and rather shallow roots.

If after the pots have stood for some time the leaves are pale and of bad color, give them a light watering of iron sulphate or sulphate of ammonia, but do not use more than 1 ounce to 1 gallon of water, and apply when the soil in the pot is moist—not dry.

By mid-August plants set out in the open should be showing new growth, and then is a good time to apply manure of some sort to the soil all round. Bonedust is a safe fertiliser to apply if manure is unobtainable.

Lime should not be applied if the gardener desires the plants to produce blue flowers or pips. Lime causes pink shades, and assists red hydrangeas to maintain their color if the soil is at all acid.

Alum or aluminium sulphate, if applied at the rate of 1 ounce to one gallon of water, assists the development of different shades of blue, but it will take several years for plants growing out of doors to change from blue to pink, or pink to blue, by

means of applying alum or lime. Where the shrubs are of considerable size, several ounces of alum or lime will be needed to make any great change in color, but lime, if applied heavily, may cause chlorosis (yellowing) and may even kill shrubs if overdone.

To increase the vigor of hydrangeas during early spring and summer, apply liquid manure regularly after watering. Old clumps can be lifted, the outside shoots and roots divided, and these make excellent new plants, if the job is done some time in August.

Generally, the hydrangeas requires much the same treatment as azaleas and other shade-lovers—preferably a southerly position protected by a wall or fence, where they receive only the morning and late afternoon sunshine. Those planted on the north are usually badly burned on very hot days, and may die out in a few hours unless well watered.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

HEAT stains may be removed from polished tables if some reliable brass polish is smeared on lightly, and left for five minutes, then rubbed off gently with a chamol. Finish immediately with a good furniture polish.

ALWAYS iron curtains across the weave. This prevents stretching and they will hang properly when re-hung.

A SHABBY velvet frock or coat can be rejuvenated if hung in the bathroom while the running hot tap is filling the room with steam. The steam brings up the pile.

"...it's DEFINITELY
the kind of make-up
that DOES things
for you!"



Evening in Paris

BY BOURJOIS



FACE POWDER—ROUGE—PERFUME—LIPSTICK

PAIN
you can't
"explain"

Blessed New Relief for
Girls who Suffer
Every Month

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling. Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



"We, side by side, have aged and grown. But here I tell you, plump and plain, You shall not poultice me again!"

There's something new to cure you faster. Of cough or cold than mustard plaster. No more these blisters I'll endure. I'll purchase Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure
For Stubborn Coughs, Colds

Introduce them to your family - **THREE FAMOUS CAVALIERS!**



CAVALIER VERMICELLI VERMICELLI CUSTARD

Boil 3 ozs. of Cavalier Vermicelli in one pint of water with salt until water is absorbed, add 1 pint of milk, and stir in two beaten eggs and 4 level tablespoons of sugar. Add vanilla essence to taste. Pour into buttered pie dish, and bake in a slow oven until set. An appetising sweet hot or cold.



CAVALIER MACARONI MACARONI CHEESE

Boil some Cavalier Macaroni in plenty of salted water for 15 minutes, strain, and add salt, cayenne pepper and spicing according to taste. Mix with a little milk and butter, then pour into a pyrex dish. Sprinkle the top freely with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes until cheese is a delicious brown.



CAVALIER SPAGHETTI SPAGHETTI AND MINCED MEAT

Mince fine some cold meat, stew with an onion cut up, pepper and salt to taste. Boil Cavalier Spaghetti in plenty of salted water for 20-25 mins. Strain the spaghetti, add a little butter, pepper and salt; pour the mince over, and serve piping hot.



SPAGHETTI · VERMICELLI · MACARONI
MACARONI PRODUCTS PTY. LTD., 2, 4 & 6 EMERALD ST., COLLINGWOOD, VICTORIA



Kitchen Cunnings

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Poultry long past its youth becomes moist, tender, and delicious if braised slowly on top of the stove or in a covered casserole in the oven.

COATING of meat or vegetable extract, applied just before serving, gives the bird the appetising brown usually associated with baked chicken—and therein lies the cunning!

BRAISED FOWL

(An old fowl becomes moist and tender cooked this way.)

One fowl, 1 slice fat bacon, 1 medium-sized onion, sprig of parsley, thyme, marjoram, 1 carrot, bay leaf (if available), 1 stick celery, 1 tablespoon fat, 1½ cups stock or water, meat extract, mushrooms and tomato halves to garnish, salt and pepper.

Seasoning: Two to 3 cups stale bread-

crumbs, 3 tablespoons stock or milk, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons diced onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 6 stoned, chopped olives or 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch nutmeg.

Combine all seasoning ingredients. Fill into fowl, truss as for roasting. Cut bacon rasher in halves, place over breast of bird. Melt fat in heavy saucepan, add sliced onion, diced carrot, and chopped celery. Brown lightly, add stock or water, bay leaf, and herbs. Stir until boiling. Rest fowl on top of vegetables, cover and cook very gently (using an asbestos mat to keep heat low and steady) 1½ to 2½ hours until fowl is tender. Remove bacon 10 minutes before end of cooking time. Lift bird on to hot serving-dish, brush with

meat extract to give a brown glaze. Pour gravy around (may be thickened slightly with arrowroot if desired). Garnish with sautéed mushrooms and baked tomato halves.

Note: May be cooked in large, deep casserole in moderate oven if fluffed jacket potatoes are to be served with the fowl. If cooked on top of stove serve mashed potatoes to avoid lighting oven for one dish only.

BRAISED LAMB ROLL

(Sausage meat filling extends small quantity of lamb.)

One boned breast of lamb or mutton, 1½lb. sausage meat (or use sausages with skins removed), 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 onion, 3 tomatoes, 1 cup water or stock, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon flour.

Have butcher remove bone from breast of lamb. Wipe meat with damp cloth. Combine sausage meat, grated onion, parsley, carrot, salt and pepper. Spread over meat to within 1 in. of edge. Roll up, skewer, or tie with fine string. Brown roll on all sides in hot fat in large saucepan. Remove, add peeled and sliced onion, brown. Add water or stock, skinned, chopped tomatoes, sauce; season with salt and pepper. Return meat to pan, cover, and simmer very gently 2 hours. Lift meat on to hot serving-dish, remove skewers or string. Thicken gravy with flour blended with a little extra water, simmer 5 minutes. Pour around meat, which is sliced before serving.

FLUFFED JACKET POTATOES

(Diced ham and parboiled red pepper give flavor interest.)

Five or six medium-sized potatoes (or 1 per person), 2 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 or 3 tablespoons hot milk, salt and pepper, 1 egg-white, 1 cup chopped ham, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, parsley to garnish.

Scrub and dry potatoes; prick 2 or 3 times with fork. Place on shelf of moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) for 50 to 60 minutes until tender. Cut slice from top of each, scoop pulp without splitting skin. Remove pulp from slice cut from top. Mash pulp in basin, add powdered milk, hot milk, salt, pepper. Mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, ham, and red pepper. Pile back into potato cases, dust lightly with paprika. Reheat in oven, serve garnished with parsley.

FRUIT FLUMMERY IN ORANGE CASES

(A simple sweet in party dress.)

One packet orange jelly, 1 pint water, 1 egg-white, 1 cup fruit salad (do not include any uncooked pineapple), 4 or 5 orange halves (pulp scooped out and used in fruit salad), cherries and almonds to decorate.

Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water. When cold and beginning to thicken, whip with rotary beater until thick and creamy. Fold in beaten egg-white and fruit salad. Color if desired. Fill into orange cases, decorate with whipped cream or substitute, cherries, and almonds. Edges of orange cases may be cut into peaks to improve appearance.

Continued on page 54



The Best Praised Braised Steak!

cooked to perfection
... with garden-fresh
vegetables



NO WORK, NO WAIT. Right off your pantry shelf,

this delicious family meal is cooked ready to serve—

just heat, eat and enjoy. You'll love the real,

home-cooked flavour of the juicy Beef Steak, braised to perfection

in rich, thick gravy, perfectly blended with garden fresh potatoes,

carrots, onions and peas. Um-m-m. It's as delicious as it looks,

so give the family a real treat and serve it as soon as you can.

TOM PIPER

BRAISED STEAK & VEGETABLES

THE NAME OF GOODNESS IN FRESH CANNED FOODS



CRUSTY VEGETABLE topping for rabbit and bacon pie, the recipe for which wins first prize of £10 in this week's contest.

Savory pie wins £10

A SAVORY pie with an unusual vegetable topping wins this week's £10 prize for a recipe from a country reader.

Other appetising recipes sent by readers and published on this page are worthy of being added to your recipe book.

RABBIT AND BACON PIE WITH VEGETABLE CRUST

One cooked rabbit, 1lb. bacon rashers, 1 cup stock, 2 cups roughly chopped, skinned tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Grease large pie-dish, place diced rabbit in bottom, dust lightly with pepper. Cut rind from bacon, place on top of rabbit. Then add a layer of sliced, hard-boiled egg. Mix stock with tomato pulp, onion, salt and pepper; pour over eggs. Cover with vegetable crust made by combining 2½ cups mashed potato, 1 grated carrot, 1 grated parsnip, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon salt, and pinch pepper. Mix well. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. D. Kavanagh, Mt. Burr, S.A.

FRUITED RAINBOW CAKE WITH COCONUT-ICE FILLING

Three ounces margarine, butter or butter substitute, two-thirds cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour, scant ½ cup milk, red coloring, 1 tablespoon cocoa, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons each of chopped preserved ginger, cherries, and pineapple.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk, making a soft mixture. Divide into 3 portions. Color one pink and fold in cherries; blend cocoa to a smooth paste with a little milk, add, with ginger, to second portion; add pineapple to third. Fill each into a well-greased, 6in. round or square cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Fill with coconut-ice



PREPARE a chocolate cake and bake in two sandwich tins. Join layers and decorate edge of top with mock cream. Make ½ cup thick, sweet white sauce, flavor with peppermint essence; when cold, spread over centre top of cake as shown.

filling and top with chocolate icing.

Coconut-Ice Filling: Place 1 cup sugar in saucepan, add ½ cup milk. Bring to boiling point, simmer until sugar is dissolved. Stir in 1 cup coconut and squeeze of lemon juice. When cool, beat until creamy, spread over chocolate ginger layer, spread pink layer on top. Spread pink layer with filling, place pineapple layer on top. Make chocolate icing by mixing 6oz. icing sugar and 1oz. cocoa (sifted together) with 1 good tablespoon water. Stir until blended, heat to thick pouring consistency. Spread quickly over top of cake with hot, broad-bladed knife.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. D. Korff, "Eugenie" Jersey Stud, Largs, via West Maitland, N.S.W.

ONION SOUP

One pound onions, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 quart water, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon white pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 thin slices bread, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 cup sherry, little grated cheese to garnish.

Peel and slice onions, brown in hot fat; drain. Place onions in large saucepan with water, simmer 1 hour. During cooking add cayenne pepper, white pepper, and salt. Toast bread slices, crush into crumbs; add to soup. Beat egg-yolk, add a little soup, mix well; stir into soup. Stir in meat or vegetable extract and sherry. Place lid on, simmer further 15 minutes. Serve piping hot, topped with sprinkling of grated cheese.

Consolation Prize of £1 to J. R. Charles, Box G488, G.P.O., Perth.

Kitchen cunning Continued from page 53

MINCEMEAT MERINGUE APPLES

(Variation on the baked apple theme.)

Four or 5 cooking apples, lemon juice, 1 cup mixed fruit (including dates), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 egg-whites, extra one-third cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, cloves.

Peel and core apples, avoid piercing apple at base. Brush inside and out with lemon juice. Place fruit, lemon rind, and sugar into saucepan with 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Stir over gentle heat until soft. Stuff centre of apples firmly with prepared fruit. Stand apples in oven-proof dish with sufficient water to barely cover bottom of dish. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 40 to 50 minutes until tender. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar,

beat until sugar is dissolved and meringue forms peaks. Beat in orange rind. Pipe or spoon all over apples; stick with cloves. Return to oven to set meringue. Serve immediately with or without custard, cream, or ice-cream.

SAVORY CHEESE BISCUITS

(A quick, easy, and delicious finish to dinner.)

One dozen savory biscuits (use more if small type), ½ cup finely grated tasty cheese, salt and cayenne pepper, 3 or 4 stuffed olives.

Place biscuits on flat oven-tray or on grilling-tray. Top with thick layer of grated cheese, dust lightly with salt and cayenne. Place under moderately hot grillers-bars, allow cheese to melt and brown lightly. Place ring of stuffed olive on each. Serve at once.



WRINKLES can be overcome

"Having heard of your product, I decided to try it, and am now writing to tell you that it is the best product of its type I have ever used, and have no hesitation in recommending it to my friends." So writes Mrs. M.H. of Killara, N.S.W.

Wrinkles ARE disfiguring, embarrassing! But they can be conquered. Round your eyes, mouth and neck... are the danger spots... when they appear act quickly. Buy VEL-LURE, Active WRINKLE CREAM. Use it right away and then watch for quick results. Vel-lure gets quickly to the root of the trouble—penetrates deeply under the surface of the skin; attacks wrinkles, creases and crows feet where they begin and doesn't merely cover them up—but rids you of them completely.

VEL-LURE active WRINKLE CREAM

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores everywhere.

If you can't get it locally write to Valeur Chemical Co., Primrose Ave., Roseberry, N.S.W. Costs 2/9 tube or outside economy tube 6/6. VS-3.

Hairdresser Gives Advice On Grey Hair

Tells About Grey Hair Remedy to Use at Home.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, which can be made up for you by any chemist at small cost. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orfex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey-haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Poot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/- For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS AND ACIDS

Your kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 3 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Leg Pains, Headaches, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nervousness, Cures under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. Cystex rids kidneys of poisons and acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy end to kidney discomforts. In 24 hours you'll feel fitter, stronger than for years. Cystex is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. The Guarantee protects you. Now

Cystex Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Every time you buy shoe polish
buy **NUGGET**
 for all your shoes



because *Less* NUGGET cleans *More* Shoes
 NUGGET spreads evenly and easily; cuts down shoe cleaning time and beats everything for *brightness*.



The Daily Dose of NUGGET keeps shoes bright, keeps them right
BLACK, DARK TAN, BLUE, Etc. . . . in small, large, and extra large
 (STAIN) . . . handy lever-opener tins.



**You bet
MY BATH
SPARKLES!**

I use the cleanser that's
FAST! EASY! SAFE!

BON AMI
"hasn't scratched yet!"



Depressed?

I'm as fit as a fiddle!

"Thank goodness—and thanks to 'Sanatogen'—those nervy days and nights have passed away. Listlessness, depression and irritability have left me and now I'm feeling grand!"

'SANATOGEN', AT ALL CHEMISTS, 4/9, 8/11, 15/2.



NEW! ...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
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FLAGSTONES from the side front gate lead up to the arched entrance of the U.S. Consul's residence in South Yarra, Melbourne. Evidently the many visitors keep carefully to the stones, for no wear and tear shows on the grass.



CORNER FIREPLACE in spacious entrance hall has been background of many photographs at receptions on special occasions. Ivy trails beneath the gilt-edged mirror.

U.S. Consul's Australian home

By EVE GYE,
Editor of Our Homemaker Department



UNUSUAL coffee table, semi-circular in shape, which stands before a blue satin-brocaded lounge in the drawing-room will interest all home-lovers. It came from America.

A STately grace characterises the home of the U.S. Consul-General for Victoria, Mr. Samuel J. Fletcher, and his charming wife.

The residence is situated at 36 Anderson Street, South Yarra. Pictures of spacious rooms on these pages show the artistic arrangement of the interior. Much of the furnishings came from America, but screens, pictures, and the bric-a-brac were brought from China, where the Fletchers lived for several years.

Of all the rooms, Mrs. Fletcher prefers the study, and uses it when possible. A colorful, pleasant place, it is more intimate than the immense drawing-room, scene of official receptions and formal entertaining.

The windows overlooking the courtyard reach from the ceiling to within two feet of the floor, and can be raised halfway when desired.

The curtains draping windows, and covers of some of the chairs, are of gaily patterned linen. Other easy chairs have white linen covers with their cushions fringed in blue—an effective combination.

The large walnut desk by the window is used by both Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.

Pictures and favorite pieces collected in China are among the furnishings.

Walls throughout the home are painted ivory and a crushed strawberry shade of carpet is used for the floors, except for the entrance-hall, which is highly polished parquet.



EXPANSIVE WINDOWS in the study overlook masses of hydrangea, azalea, and other flowering shrubs which back the courtyard. Off-white drapes at windows, the settee, and several chair-covers are patterned in rich red, greens, blues, and yellows; crushed strawberry carpet.



FIREPLACE in the stately drawing-room. Ivory-toned walls make attractive background for the furnishings. Some of the settees and chairs in the room are covered with rich blue brocaded satin, some are in crushed strawberry tonings. Others are in soft blue and white.



SPACIOUS EFFECT. This picture was taken in the entrance hall looking through drawing-room to the dining-room.



TABLE arrangement for dinner party for twelve in the dining-room at U.S. Consul's home. Furniture is mahogany with rich blue satin-brocaded covers to the cushioned chairs.



CORNER of master bedroom: Walls and floor match reception-rooms. Light walnut furniture is French provincial in design. Orchid-pink flower-sprigged curtains drape windows.



POLISHED MAHOGANY table in study holds some of the treasures collected in China, and a flat bowl of flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher also brought from China the folding screen which is a feature of their dining-room.

To make yourself

Carry-all bag for marketing

MATERIALS: 10½yds. light braid or webbing; 13½yds. dark braid or webbing (both just over 1in. wide); 6 skeins of contrasting embroidery thread; a piece of cardboard to fit base (approximately 15in. by 3½in.).

Cut the braid or webbing into the following lengths: Of the dark, 9 lengths 38in. long, 2 of 27in. long, and 1 of 76in. long (for handle); of light braid or webbing, 9 of 27in. long, 2 of 17in., and 3 of 38in.

Join the two ends of the longest dark piece for the handle, which forms the basis of the bag. Place this on the table before you and place 3 light strips (27in.) between (leaving a 14in. loop for the handle each side) and 3 light strips each side.

Place a dark strip (27in.) on the outside edge each side. Now interweave 3 dark strips (38in.) through the centre (see diagram). Secure each end with a pin.

With a double thread of embroidery yarn fasten all layers on base with a cross-stitch at each corner of each square.

When the base has been completed, pin a dark length (38in.) in position at one of the corners of the base, and interweave it all round, pulling the outside lengths well up to form the corners.

Join the two ends of this strip with



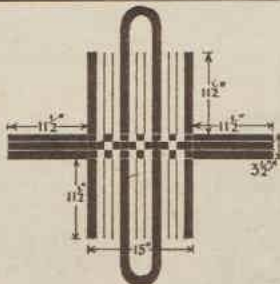
PRACTICAL as well as attractive, this carrier is easily made.

a neat seam which should come under the weaving on the inside of the bag. Fasten the corners with a cross-stitch.

Continue weaving the cross-strips all round, using the three dark strips first, then the three light, and finishing with the three dark strips.

To finish the top edge, fold the cut edge of the braid or webbing on to the inside and closely oversew the edges. Line the inside of the handles with the shortest strips of light braid or webbing, oversewing the edges.

Fasten base of handle loops by hemming closely round the squares where they cross the top strip of the bag.



THE DIAGRAM referred to in directions: Join two ends for handle and place in position as shown above. Then begin to interweave the strips.

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SIX-20 BROWNIE "C". New model box Brownie; Kodak Meniscus lens; two large viewfinders; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; 8 exp. (2½ x 3½ in.). Price, 37/6.



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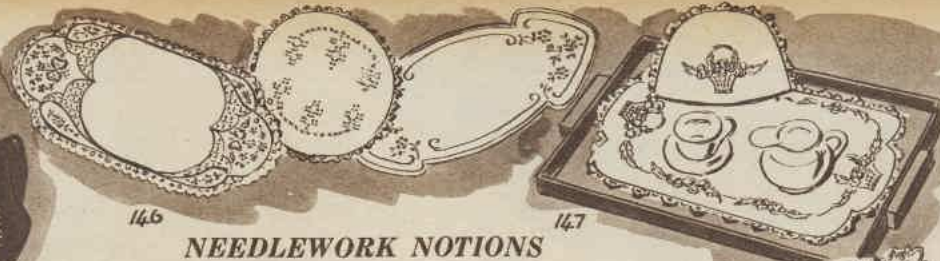
BROWNIE REFLEX. Reflex viewfinder shows picture in actual size; time and instantaneous shutter; push-button shutter release; all-plastic body; 12 exp. (1½ x 1½ in.). Price, £3/5/9.



SIX-20 FOLDING BROWNIE. Economical and efficient; "Kodette" II shutter; time and instantaneous shutter; all-metal body; black-grained leatherette covering; 8 exp. (2½ x 3½ in.). Price, £5/15/6.



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No. 146.—THREE D'OYLEYS

Two sandwich d'oyleys and one plate d'oyley are traced ready to embroider on sheer linen or Swiss organdie in white, lemon, pink, blue, green, or on cream Irish linen. The sandwich d'oyleys measure 5in. x 11in. the plate d'oyley 5in. x 5in.
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This dainty set will be so useful. It is traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen or sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, green, and pink, or on British cotton in pale green, pink, lemon, and blue. The mat measures 11in. x 17in., serviette 11in. x 11in., and cosy 11in. x 10in.
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